

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The *Evening Star* having complained that if the resignation of Mr. Lount, M.P. for Center Toronto, was a preliminary step to his appointment to a judgeship, the whole proceeding was inconsistent with the Liberal policy which declared against the promising of offices to Members of Parliament, the *Globe* wired Sir Wilfrid Laurier and received the following reply:

OTTAWA, November 7.
I did not know of Mr. Lount's resignation until I was notified of it by the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery. There is not the slightest foundation for the statement that he has been promised a judgeship. No such promise has ever been made.

WILFRID LAURIER.
This is an important letter. Mr. Lount, M.P. for Center Toronto, has, it seems, resigned his seat of his own motion and not as the result of a bargain. I can recall no similar episode in our politics. Here is a man who resigned his seat: a party man, free to follow his own inclination, neither bribed with an office to step down and out, nor bribed with the promise of an office to retain his seat until given the word. We have heard of many cases in the past of men being bribed to quit, and of men being bribed to hang on when they threatened to open dangerous constituencies. Here is a novel occurrence, and the only explanation put forward is that Mr. Lount can no longer neglect his law practice. The haste with which we all assumed that the Member of Parliament was to get a judgeship, shows how familiarized we had become to jobs of that character. We had good reason for believing that Mr. Lount had compassed some personal end. Who else ever quit, voluntarily, without bringing away something in his valise?

The Government supporters who retired from the game empty-handed were usually those who died and those who perished at the polls. Others who dropped out too often decamped with something valuable. They fled from Parliament, like defaulting cashiers, with all the loot they could lay their hands to. Too often our Premiers have, so to speak, had pistols put to their heads by highwaymen who threatened to commit political assassinations unless bags of money or fat offices were handed over at once. This has occurred too often. Members of Parliament are the only men who can make such threats: Members of Parliament should be ineligible for any office within the gift of Parliament. No man who is elected to Parliament at one general election should be eligible for an office until after the next general election. In this way the lone highwayman of politics would be disarmed. He would be made harmless, if not respectable. The only danger of any importance in our system reposes in the Member of Parliament who threatens to vacate his constituency and hurl it at the head of his leader. It is preposterous that we should have no safeguard against this. A new Government which has not begun to promise rewards and offices to Members of Parliament can set its face against the practice, while a Government that once begins to err in this way can never recover safe ground.

As this Center Toronto affair stands at present, it seems to reflect credit upon Mr. Lount, who appears to have come home without plunder. It also reflects credit on Premier Laurier, who appears to have allowed a Member to drop out without offering him a price, even though in doing so a constituency is opened that has been a historic stronghold of his adversaries. What does it all mean? Are we to have a little experiment in political straightforwardness? It is almost unbelievable.

Judge Van Wyck, Mayor of Greater New York, is the most interesting man of the month. He has been elected autocrat over an area that controls nearly half the wealth of the United States. He is vested with powers such as are not given to any man in our Canadian system. Here public opinion is efficacious every day in the year; in New York it seems to possess no weight but on polling day. Van Wyck is supposed to represent everything that we regard as evil in municipal government, and we are told that he was the candid and unabashed champion of immoral ideas. In reading his "platform and pledges," however, I do not find that he openly declared for immorality. If he is as bad as he was painted, he was not as candid about it as the telegraph wires said. He did pronounce against the Raines law, but I have heard some very respectable persons inveigh against it, too. On the whole his platform was not a wicked one, although it was so very general in its terms that Mr. Van Wyck enters office unembarrassed by specific pledges.

We are probably too ready to condemn Van Wyck on the evidence of his enemies. Already we look upon him as a plunderer, chiefly because we have been told that he is the tool of Richard Croker. But Judge Van Wyck has four years of power, and is less at the mercy of political bosses than any of his predecessors. It may occur to him that it would be good business to "throw down" Mr. Croker and boss the job himself. When Croker rushes up to manage things from behind the throne, as Falstaff posted off to the coronation of Prince Hal, he

may be similarly repulsed. It is not likely that an immediate rebuff awaits him, but Van Wyck may accept the first opportunity for a quarrel, and with four years of power may choose to build up his own fame and fortune rather than be the puppet of Croker. There is not very much to base this hope on; in fact, there is no basis for it but the length of the term of office, which makes a man measurably independent of the "boss."

Van Wyck says that he does not hold that "to the victors belong the spoils." He merely holds that to find such men as he needs to fill "every place of appointment under me I need not leave the ranks of the Democracy, and I will not." This answers the purpose very well. Nothing more could be desired by men hungry for spoils. "Put none but Democrats on guard"

have sacrificed their own fortunes to place him in that high office. A premier, first of all, through all, and after all, is a human being and approachable as such; he has an eye with which to recognize and a memory with which to recall. We talk a great deal of humbug in our efforts to persuade other people to be good, but in no branch of this endeavor are we so futile as when we oppose ourselves to that tendency in man to treat his friends as friends and his enemies as enemies. Whether a man is a premier or a schoolteacher he will show favoritism. The schoolmaster in bestowing his favor may call it a reward for merit, and he may feel that the pupil justly deserves it; so, too, the premier is moved by quite as strong a conviction in bestowing a "reward for merit" which opponents may severely censure. This preference for one's friends is bred in the very

can give it to him without loss to yourself. If he is buying something from you, you give him a special discount. If you are buying from him you are pleased if he gives you "the inside track." It will always be so in politics. We cannot hope for anything else, and if we try to make politics too "pure" we shall only succeed in driving politicians to sneaking methods, and we have more moral cowardice in Canada now than is wholesome.

A bad man, when placed in power, begins slowly to get in his fine work. He is content to quietly, but surely, turn the current of events to suit his own ends, and must often be surprised to see how far it is possible to lead people who could not be driven a foot. When a good man—that is to say, a man who aims at moral reforms—is placed in power, he almost

eminently useful in the part they have played since the dawn of society, that of, forming a hostile minority, an active opposition to the ruling powers, but incompetent to use the governing power.

The following letter is from Mr. C. A. Durand, father of Mr. W. H. Durand, late ledger-keeper of the Dominion Bank at Nanapae, and speaks for itself:

Editor *Saturday Night*:
Being among the many who read with pleasure and profit your very racy and clever leading articles, I wish to express my thanks for your timely and lucid criticisms in articles appearing in your issues of the 23rd and 30th ult., concerning banks and bank clerks. As subsequent events have given point to many of the remarks made by you in those articles, I think it well for your own information as a lover of fair dealing, and for the enlightenment of the public, that the truth concerning the dealings of the Bank authorities with the clerks of the Nanapae branch should be known, and therefore venture to submit the following for publication.

Shortly after Mr. Ponton's acquittal the general manager dismissed the ledger-keeper, Mr. W. H. Durand, as well as the junior clerk, Mr. Green, on the sole ground that he had infringed the rule of the Bank against gambling, which consisted simply in joining his fellow clerks and others in a game of poker, for the nominal stake of one cent with a two-cent limit. Even the fact that the ledger-keeper had been absent from Nanapae, at home in North Toronto on his holidays, for two weeks immediately prior to and for two days subsequent to, the date of the robbery, and the fact that he had served the Bank well and faithfully for nearly nine years, and that it was his first offence, did not save him.

The late manager at Nanapae, although reported as being dismissed, is still in the bank's employ at head office, and yet it was disclosed in evidence at Mr. Ponton's preliminary trial, he had been guilty of the indiscretion, to use a mild phrase, (whether included in bank rules or not), of writing down the combination of the bank safe and leaving it exposed on the back of a calendar hanging on the wall of his office, which was visited daily by the caretaker and others. I do not on this or other grounds intend to imply that the Nanapae manager's services should not be continued, but surely when such an act on the part of the manager was condoned, no fair-minded or impartial individual can justify the dismissal of the ledger-keeper for so trivial an offence as that named, and if the first and only one charged against him. But such is not the system and mode of procedure (with the present active heads) in the infallible moral code of the Dominion Bank. This mild form of gambling indulged in by the bank clerks and the elite of Nanapae, was recognized by them and the bank manager as a harmless pastime, and very frequently played in their residences.

You have well said that the hope of future promotion is the great inducement that retains so many bank clerks in positions in which they are so inadequately paid. The late ledger-keeper was one of these; he had patiently hoped for promotion and increase of salary for the past four years, and is rewarded for his patience and faithfulness by a dismissal without even a certificate of character. The general manager, however, deigned to say that he might refer any one to whom he might apply for a situation, to the bank. The consequence is that after devoting nine years in acquiring a knowledge of banking business, at a miserable salary, (while the bank has been paying its shareholders twelve per cent.), he is cast upon the world with no knowledge of any other avocation, and without a certificate of recommendation, and as you but too truthfully state in the closing sentences in your issue of the 30th ult., "if they leave the service of one bank, they find, as a rule, all others barred to them."

Can it be possible that the president, vice-president and directors of the Dominion Bank are aware of and approve of this "Jedburg Justice" meted out without rhyme or reason by the present lony heads of their institution? Powers conferred by large corporations on their managing heads are frequently wielded in an intemperate, unjust and partial manner, to the great detriment of the institutions, and of the wrecking of the lives of worthy, honest men. It is surely time to curb such high-handed and arbitrary conduct on the part of the acting heads of this institution, are public sentiment visits it with its vengeance.

Eglington, Nov. 10, 1897. C. A. DURAND.

Two weeks ago Miss Willard's name was in everybody's mouth and her portrait in every newspaper. Our daily papers devoted whole columns of space to her speeches, and editorially praised her life and her work. Now another woman has eclipsed Miss Willard; another face confronts us in the papers; another name is printed in big letters. The hundreds of thousands of men, women and children who read the daily papers are now hanging on the words of another woman, and Miss Willard is far in the background. Two weeks ago it was Miss Willard; now it is Mrs. Nack of New York, alias Mrs. Guldensuppe, alias Mrs. Thorn, etc. Miss Willard had columns of our papers devoted to her because she was a moral reformer; Mrs. Nack has columns devoted to her because she lived in a shameless adultery that culminated in murder.

What benefit has been conferred upon the people of Toronto by the publication of that nasty story from New York? What was there in the case to interest the people of this province? We did not know that such a man as Thorn lived, or that Guldensuppe lived, or that the Nack woman lived. They were morally repulsive people who infested a distant city, their vices ended in a crime—that was all. The crime should have been punished, and it should not have cast its shadow over the whole continent. What excuse is there for publishing such a story here, so far away from the place that was polluted with the vices and the crime of these low creatures? What effect, that by any possibility could be described as good, has been wrought by going into the minute details of that Nulty murder in Quebec, where a human animal slaughtered his brother and three sisters? Is the reader of these lines any better for having read the columns that have been printed about that awful crime? It is right that the interests of justice should be served, but the newspaper practice of gathering by wire the stories of crime from all over the continent serves justice in no degree whatever, and is apparently done in order to invest papers with a horrible fascination for people who revel in tales of lust and blood. Those crimes which are committed in our very midst are bad enough, and surely frequent enough, without ransacking the vice and crime of New York for Mrs. Nacks and the sausage-vats of Chicago for lost Mrs. Leutgers. If public opinion resents this much-rake journalism it can surely express its feelings in some effective way.

A man is very seldom rated at his true worth by those who meet him every day. This old fact was well illustrated in the case of the late



JUDGE VAN WYCK, MAYOR OF GREATER NEW YORK.

is given out as the motto of his administration. He says, in short, that he would blush to confess that he could not find a Democrat competent to fill any office within his gift. There is no hypocrisy about this. There may be a lot of bad government in it, however, and good men may be bounced to make way for clumsy or dishonest ones.

In Canada we have higher professions of morality. No mayor or premier dare declare himself so plainly in this country. Yet, as a matter of fact, do not our politics squint strongly in the very same direction? That a leader should bestow his patronage upon the friends who helped to place him in power is as natural as that a father should feed his own son before he feeds the son of a stranger. Every instinct in a man impels him to favor his own. Indeed, to deny some favors argues that a man is an ingrate, for some of those who ask petty appointments from a leader are men who

blood and soul of man, and it is doubtful if mankind would be any better were there less gratitude in the world and more of what the under dog calls justice. If we try to so purify party politics that friendships and allegiances will be valueless, we shall only build up an hypocrisy and not a virtue, and rewards will go by sly and circuitous ways to the faithful and to those who must be placated. The evil, if it is an evil, will not be removed, but merely hidden where it can develop into worse forms than would be possible in the broad sunlight. In regard to Members of Parliament, however, it must be remembered that they are trustees for the people, and if they enrich or reward themselves they divert the whole current of honesty in government.

In the matter of bestowing offices such as registrarships, shrievalties, collectorships, post-masterships, etc., can we possibly hope for a much better system than we have attained to in Canada? Leaving out certain instances wherein Members of Parliament seem to have benefited by deals, I think we cannot ask for much. If we can get our public business done on the same cautious principles that rule private business, we can certainly rest on our oars feeling that no further improvement is possible; yet in your private business you show favors to friends that you deny to strangers. If you have a contract to let, you prefer that a friend should get it if you

invariably shows a clumsy haste, tries to do everything at once and spoils it all. Dr. Parkhurst and his allies made a great fight to rescue New York, and for a year or two it has had "good men" in charge, but they have not proceeded as ordinary politicians would, for they have unnecessarily antagonized powerful influences and staked the whole cause of morality (as they understand it) on the outcome of a few drastic efforts. These men could not be content with saving New York, but they must pose in the magazines as the saviours of New York. They could not be content with carrying out their programme in its regular order, but they must anticipate and boast of restrictions yet to be imposed, until the mass of people grew tired of the very word "reform," and Tammany printed on its banners, "To hell with reform," and swept the polls. It was not real reform that New York repudiated, although men who advanced real reforms were defeated, but it was humbug and guff, and the loud vauntings of virtue that had sickened the people. When a good man is elected to any office because of his goodness he should be good, but he should quit bragging and strutting, and he should not pray in the presence of reporters and kinetoscope artists until he makes goodness repulsive to half the people who elected him. Moral reforms have won many big battles but very few campaigns, and for this reason, that the victors have been immoderate. Indeed, the moral reformers seem

CHRISTMAS SATURDAY NIGHT

Will be placed on Sale at the Office of Publication, "Saturday Night Building," Toronto, at

NINE O'CLOCK MONDAY MORNING.

Dr. A. M. Ross, who, although decorated with medals and other distinctions by many European governments, rulers and societies, was chiefly known among his fellow citizens in Toronto as one who entertained a prejudice against vaccination. This weakness of his, if a weakness, was the only phase of the man that came forward of late. We smiled at the ineffectual efforts of a man to resist the overwhelming sense of his age. Now that it is too late we may be expected to take a deep interest in Dr. Ross. Perhaps we never had a citizen with a career so picturesque, nor one who so often risked his life or so resolutely devoted his energies to causes that appealed to romantic spirits. As a young man he plunged into every adventure that promised to promote a good cause. He threw all his energies into the work of the abolitionists before the Civil War put an end to slavery in the United States, and risked his life repeatedly in that cause. He was the friend of John Brown, of Lincoln and others. Afterwards he enlisted as a surgeon with the army of Juarez in Mexico, when the issue was being fought whether that country should be a native republic or an empire under French protection. He had been in the Nicaraguan campaign; he had been the friend of Garibaldi when that soldier was living obscurely in New York. The first half of his life was as full of adventure and romance as that of the hero of the popular novel. Some day quite an interest will no doubt be taken in this striking personality. MACK.

Some Interesting Persons.

PLACE AUX DAMES! Therefore, little dark-eyed Lady Clorinda, Mrs. Burnett's extraordinary heroine, acted to the satisfaction of thousands by Julia Arthur these days in New York, is the first of a few interesting persons one may talk about this week. I like her best in her black satin Queen Anne coat and knee-breeches, with scarlet garter ribbons and red-heeled shoes. She is such a limber, lissome naughty girl, wild as a hare, reckless as a college boy, feckless, harum-scarum and noisy; bragging of her ability to best the most drunken, blasphemous and lying of her father's boon companions. The breeches are her proper garb and Clo her fitting name. Then from this she tries to evolve a woman, and such a woman! At sixteen the mistress of a *roue*, who bet upon his ability to win her favor and won his bet. At eighteen the betrothed of an old aristocrat, who deserved a better fate. A few years later, a rich and popular widow, with a past, and, worse still, a present, for the *roue* lover still pursues her, with designs on her jointure and tattle-tale threats of exposure. Still to further burden her, the ideal man has come into her life as a suitor, and she at last loves! It is natural for Clo to refuse to consider consequences. She promptly cracks the *roue* lover over the poll and ends his life, then carries him into the cellar and leaves the place, after having given orders that a brick wall many feet thick be built across the cellar entrance. Remorse, or better, fear, gives her many bad quarter-hours. But killing is no murder in Clo's case. Everyone who finds out her crime decides that it was justifiable homicide, because the *roue* lover was a bad lot anyway. The moral of this play is really a trifle too up-to-date, but Miss Julia Arthur has won her success by it. The seats are booked weeks ahead. She is sparkling and her gowns (Queen Anne) are sumptuous; but after the impulse of hate which makes her strike the *roue* dead, she comes short of the part. One wishes for little Bernhardt to shrink from the corpse, to touch it desperately, to hide it, and to stand beside it and welcome her party of guests. The ideal man doesn't seem to mind the blood-stain on the hand of pretty Clo, nor yet the darker stain of the early *liaison*, which, if he doesn't know, he must surely suspect. Clo's sister upholds her, and has visions of a dead mother who also encourages the lady to let dead men lie. The last act is the worst of several bad ones; in fact, the first and second acts are so good that the critics should be run out of the theater at their close and kept out. Then their biggest adjectives of admiration would be at the service of Miss Julia Arthur. As it is they pronounce her a success, and no one gainsays them, for the little woman has worked hard for her reward. It's quite a study to hear the many expressions she can give to the word "Humph."

And we have had Nansen, the great, big, earnest, honest, forceful Norseman, a reincarnation of the vikings that women all love, and with whom the various silly and wise *pot-pourri* that crowded the Opera House to hear him came away delighted. They liked his gravity, his *naivete*, his quaint earnestness. The simplicity of the man, conscious of power and unconscious of himself, grandly egotistic where a less truthful and more self-conscious creature would have suppressed a little of the ego. "I did it," said a little man with a dyspeptic face. "That's all Nansen says. You'd never think anyone else did anything." And one felt sorry for the measly, little, cantankerous thing who yapped (after the fashion of a noisy little Yorkshire terrier after some hero of a St. Bernard) at the heels of the unheeding viking. They say Nansen has committed his lecture to memory. In any case, he was certainly very careful in its delivery, and when a burst of applause interrupted some sentence which followed the calm and matter-of-fact mention of some appalling peril, Nansen would pause, hark back and begin the sentence in precisely the same words. The time-light views are enchanting, and the deep feeling which the lecturer throws into some of his descriptions and reminiscences is of the most compelling description. The personality of the man, his size, his dignity and his apparent ingenuousness; his quiet earnestness, his knack of making one realize that each word is simply true, are some of the charms that interested, surprised and won the admiration of throngs of persons of all grades and classes at his two lectures in New York.

Anthony Hope has been a fashionable fad here for some time. He looks bored and tired of it all. He juggles deftly with the lighter emotions, and sticks banderillas into larger hearts. In his Dolly readings he was at his



THE LATE MAJOR JOHN D. HAY.

best; quip, expression and intonation were all of the dilettante order—the man who plays with life; smiles at deep feeling; chuckles over failings and shortcomings; forgives any sin but a breach of conventionalities; can endure to flirt with the woman he loves and be the greatest chums with her husband, with a small, fine sense of the humor of the situation. What we call a light mind, playing a careless game, and only worthy of respect because under no circumstances would he do an ungentlemanly thing, take advantage of an enemy, or squeal on a friend. I told him we all loved Dolly, and his clear-cut lips smiled faintly as he said, "Really, so good of you to say so," until somehow his tone gave one a doubt even of one's own sincerity. There could not be on earth a greater contrast than the Norwegian explorer, energetic, intrepid, grave, and feeling the great, big enterprises his natural life-work, and the quiet-moving, low-voiced, *blase*-eyed London barrister, fiddling and faddling with the Dolly Duchess, or in his larger moments telling romantic tales of the Elphburgs and the Princess Orsa. You may have which you prefer to make much of. I know which I liked the better. The gem of Anthony Hope's readings was The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard. His cultured, clear, incisive voice was exceedingly sweet and regretful as he read that pretty little episode, and from many a girl's parted lips ebbed forth a long, low sigh as she listened to the tale of the girl in the white frock, who tried to tell the priggish philosopher that he had won her heart, and talked to dull ears until her heart failed her and she gave up the contract. G. E. D.

Society at the Capital.

Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere and Lady de Lotbiniere have gone off to Hamilton for a brief holiday, and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Wood. Mr. Wood has quite recovered from his illness. Sir Henri has not had a holiday for some time and needs a change, and Lady de Lotbiniere has been in close attendance for some weeks on her friend, Mrs. Gordon, who has been seriously ill.

Mrs. Charles Ferguson of Toronto, who has been visiting Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat for some weeks, has returned home, to the regret of the many friends she has made during her visit to the Capital.

Lieut.-Col. Bliss, owing to his recent serious accident, has resigned the position of Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General.

Sir Frank Smith, who was in town last week, has returned home.

A rather novel and interesting function took place on Thursday at the residence of Mrs. Dawson, Cooper street, a drawing-room lecture given by Miss Ada Trotter of Montreal, entitled Nooks and Corners of the Eternal City.

Sir Oliver and Miss Mowat have given a series of small dinner parties during the last few weeks.

Lieut.-Col. Wilson of Quebec and Mrs. Wilson have spent the last week in town.

Major Rivers, R.C.A., "A" Battery, and Mrs. Rivers, have arrived in town. Major Rivers is at present on the headquarters' staff. Mrs. Rivers, formerly Miss Maude Gildersleeve of Kingston, daughter of Mr. Charles Gildersleeve, has already many friends at the Capital who are glad to welcome her here.

Miss Grace Lowrie, Mrs. Hayter Reed's charming young daughter, sailed for England this week, where she will remain at school for some years.

We have two dances in prospect this month, which is quite gay for Ottawa at this season. One is to be given by Mr. W. A. Allan, to introduce his daughter, Miss Eva Allan, into society, and the other is to be our annual Charity ball.

Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper and Lady Tupper and family paid a flying visit here last week on their way to British Columbia, where they will make their home.

Mrs. and Miss Selwyn have said good-bye to their many friends here and started for Vancouver, B.C., where for the future they will make their home.

Miss Campbell of Montreal is in town on a visit to Mrs. Dawson, Cooper street.

Mrs. T. C. Keefer, Rockliffe, has returned from Quebec, where she and her sister, Mrs. McKay, have been staying at the Frontenac.

Mr. Becket, a nephew of Hon. Mr. Dobell and one of the most popular young men in Ottawa, has gone to Quebec, where he will spend the winter.

The meeting of the National Council for Women last week puts the scheme for the Victorian Order of Nurses on quite a different footing; in fact, "those who went to scoff remained to pray," and all present thoroughly appreciated the remarks made by Dr. Worcester.

Sir William Hingston has been in town, the

guest of Their Excellencies at Government House.

Mr. Arthur Campbell's Ride in Morocco is quite the book of the month, and has been already read extensively in Ottawa and much appreciated by Mr. Campbell's many friends.

General and Mrs. Gascoigne leave to-morrow for Halifax, accompanied by their niece, Miss Smith.

Social and Personal.

The Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen having arrived, Their Excellencies' visitors' book has been placed at Government House for the convenience of those who desire to pay their respects in the customary manner.

We are requested to mention that Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen will be at Home to receive visitors at Government House on Saturday, November 13, from 4 to 6.30 p.m.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Kirkpatrick made an official call of welcome at Government House on Wednesday afternoon and remained some time with Their Excellencies. Earlier in the day Their Excellencies also received a visit from Sir Casimir Gzowski. Others called during the afternoon.

It appears that we are very soon to welcome Sir Oliver Mowat as the new Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. The skill and tact, the hospitality and great kindness shown by Sir George A. Kirkpatrick while occupying this position have won him splendid tributes and a host of admiring friends in all parts of the province, and perhaps only the Grand Old Man of Ontario could fittingly succeed one who has made such a phenomenal success as Lieutenant-Governor.

Lady Kirkpatrick opened the Chrysanthemum Show at the Horticultural Gardens on Wednesday afternoon, and Prof. Goldwin Smith made the opening address, expressing the regret of all that His Honor the Lieut.-Governor, who was present, felt unequal to this duty, which he had performed for the past four years. The professor's address was most appropriate to the occasion. Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen attended at the Pavilion on Thursday afternoon and took a deep interest in the fine display of flowers. Amateurs are this year allowed to make exhibits, and the result is that society takes a more direct interest than usual—great as has been the interest always shown in this delightful "annual."

Toronto society will have much-coveted opportunities of paying its respects to Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen, and the idea of spending some time in the gubernatorial mansion in Toronto was a very happy thought, for which society here is grateful. A season of unusual brilliance is assured.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club ball is a social event that is promising to eclipse all else in importance and interest. The list of complimentary invitations is as follows: His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada and the Countess of Aberdeen; the Governor-General's secretary, Mr. W. G. G. Hewitt; Capt. Wilberforce, A. D. C.; Mr. Thorpe, A. D. C.; Capt. H. F. Wyatt, A. D. C.; Dr. Gibson, Major-General Gascoigne and Mrs. Gascoigne, His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario and Lady Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick, Capt. A. T. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Commander Law and Mrs. Law, ex-Commodore George Gooderham and Mrs. Gooderham, ex-Commodore A. R. Boswell and Mrs. Boswell, the Commandant and Officers No. 2 Company R. R. C. I. and Mrs. Otter, the Commandant and Officers Royal Canadian Dragoons, the Officer Commanding Queen's Own Rifles and Mrs. Delamere, the Officer Commanding Royal Grenadiers and Mrs. Mason, the Officer Commanding 48th Highlanders and Mrs. Davidson, the Officer Commanding Governor-General's Body Guard and Mrs. Denison, the Officer Commanding Toronto Field Battery, Lieut.-Col. Graveley and Mrs. Graveley, Lieut.-Col. Wilson and Officers "B" Battery and Mrs. Wilson of Quebec, Lieut.-Col. Drury and Officers "A" Battery of Kingston, Commandant and Officers R.R.C.I. and Mrs. and Miss Buchan of London, Commandant and Officers R.R.C.I. and Mrs. Vidal of St. John's, Que.; Commandant and Officers R.M.C. and Mrs. Kittson of Kingston, Ont.; Col. Sir Casimir Gzowski and Lady Gzowski, Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Lady Laurier, the Premier of Ontario and Mrs. Hardy, the Chief Justice of Ontario and Mrs. and Miss Burton, the Chief of Police and Mrs. Grasset, Sir Oliver Mowat and Miss Mowat, the Mayor of Toronto and Mrs. Shaw, the Chancellor of Trinity College and Mrs. Boyd, Chief Justice Armour, Chief Justice Sir W. R. Meredith and Lady Meredith,

Chancellor of Trinity College and Mrs. Allan, Provost of Trinity College and Mrs. Welch, President of Toronto University and Mrs. Loudon, Right Rev. the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, President of the Toronto Club and the Misses Kingsmill, President of the Argonaut Rowing Club and Mrs. Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heath, Mr. and Mrs. William Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bruce Harman, the Commodore of Sodus Bay Yacht Club and Mrs. Meade of Elmira, N. Y.; the Commodore of Oswego Yacht Club and Mrs. Mott, the Commodore of Chicago Y. C., the Commodore of Rochester Y. C., the Commodore of Cleveland Y. C. and Mrs. Worthington, the Commodore of Buffalo Y. C., the Commodore of Erie Y. C., the Commodore of Toledo Y. C., the Commodore of R.H.Y.C. and Mrs. and the Misses Lucas, the Commodore of R.St.L.Y.C., the Commodore of Bay of Quinte Y. C., the Commodore of Kingston Y. C., the Commodore of Q.C.Y.C., the President of Lake Yacht Racing Association.

At a meeting of the Varsity Literary Society last Friday week, Messrs. Hugh Munroe, H. H. Narraway, A. H. Birmingham and J. McKay were chosen as speakers for the public debate to take place shortly. Mr. Fred Cleland will be the reader and Mr. A. E. McFarlane the essayist on that auspicious occasion.

One of the most interesting society events of the season will be the first annual Pure Food Show in Toronto, under the auspices of the retail grocers and associated charities. The Pure Food Show is a novelty in Canada, but in New York, Washington, Chicago and other United States cities it has been a fad of society for the last year or two. Perhaps there never was such a delightful and sensible fad. The first show was held in Madison Square Gardens, New York, one of the largest amusement buildings in the United States. In Washington the lectures were attended by Mrs. Cleveland, wife of Grover Cleveland, Mrs. Carlisle, Mrs. Gresham, Lady Henry Somerset, and other women of the inner circle of society. Mrs. Cleveland and several other ladies, some of them wives of Cabinet Ministers, became so interested that they personally experimented in the scientific cooking of dishes which, owing to ignorance of the simple principles of cookery, have long been unwholesomely prepared. Toronto's Pure Food Show will be held from November 18 to December 4, fifteen days, in the Caledonian Rink, Mutual street. The Rink will be fitted with booths for the display of different kinds of foods, while at one end of the building a platform will be erected on which practical demonstrations will be made by Miss Lily Haworth, a celebrated cooking expert of London, Eng. Miss Haworth has been very successful in this line, having received three gold medals and many diplomas for her work in England. Miss Haworth will have a number of competent assistants and her lectures will prove most interesting. One of these will be on the subject of preparing foods adapted for sick-rooms, and to this the nurses of every school and hospital will be invited. There will be many musical attractions, and cooking lessons will be enlivened by a concert afternoon and evening. The proceeds from this praiseworthy undertaking will go to seven charities of the city, viz., House of Industry, House of Providence, Orphans' Home, Aged Women's Home, Sick Children's Hospital, Newsboys' Association, and Children's Aid Society. The affair promises to be the most instructive and novel event of the kind ever consummated in Canada.

The sudden death of Major John D. Hay caused a shock to a large proportion of the citizens of Toronto. His death was so unlooked for and he was so well known in social, business, military and club circles that the news of his demise on Monday evening last caused as much a public as a private bereavement. Major Hay was prominent as a business man, having for the last eleven years been associated with Lieut.-Colonel John I. Davidson. He was an active member in nearly all the well known clubs, including the Toronto, Royal Canadian Yacht, Ontario Jockey, Victoria Toronto, Country and Hunt and Toronto Curling Clubs, and The Canadian Military Institute. He was a member of the infantry reserve of officers, having retired from the Royal Grenadiers in 1896. He served as second lieutenant in the North-West expedition in '85, taking part in the battles of Batoche and Fish Creek. He was an enthusiastic horseman and had a thorough knowledge of the principles of scientific stock-breeding. He was immensely popular in the volunteer corps and everywhere else, and Toronto society mourns with his suddenly bereft family. The funeral, which was private, took place on Wednesday afternoon.

Friends of that talented lady who writes under the *nom de plume*, Octave Thanet, were pained to learn of the death of her brother, Mr. Robert T. French of Davenport, Iowa, at the General Hospital last Saturday. Mr. French was in Canada on a hunting trip, but contracting typhoid fever on reaching Toronto he was unable to get any farther north. He was nursed during his two months' illness by his sister.

Mrs. James Ryrie will receive in her new home, 400 Jarvis street, on the second and third Mondays. Mrs. Harry Ryrie of 164 Isabella street receives on the same days.

Mrs. William Davidson introduced her daughter, Miss Edith Davidson, to society on Wednesday afternoon at a very delightful tea, which was attended by a brilliant group of our leading society ladies.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. John Townsend Sheridan of Isabella street, assisted by her sister, Miss Lee, and Mrs. G. W. Ross, entertained a large number of ladies on Thursday afternoon of last week. The reception was given in honor of the daughter of the house, Miss Florence, a bright, pretty young lady who recently graduated so successfully from Toronto University. The pretty hostess was very attractively attired in a Roman striped silk blouse, and carried a bunch of exquisite roses, while Mrs. Ross looked well in a becoming costume of dark cloth. The fair debutante was lovely in her graduation gown of white organdie over ivory silk, with a red rose in her bonnie brown hair, and Miss Lee of New York was daintily gowned in flowered silk and chiffon, which betrayed the handiwork of a metropolis modiste. The day was perfect, and the guests were as bright and happy as their surroundings. The rooms were prettily decorated with palms and chrysanthemums, while the refreshment-room, done in pink and white, looked particularly inviting. Some three hundred ladies responded in person to the invitations issued by the charming hostess. Among the many were noticed: Mrs. J. D. King, Mrs. Hees, Mrs. Haas, Mrs. E. E. Sheppard, Mrs. Price-Brown, Mrs. R. S. Williams and Mrs. Moore, Miss Ross, Mrs. and Miss Morrison, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Bert Cox, Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Mrs. A. W. Ross, Mrs. George Bertram and Miss Bertram, Mrs. and Miss Roper, Mrs. Withrow, Miss Treble, Mrs. G. A. Reid, Mrs. Dignam, Mrs. and the Misses Davies, Mrs. S. F. McKinnon, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Iamsden, Mrs. John Shaw, Mrs. Welton, Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Harry Taylor, Mrs. Dan Rose, Mrs. Hyslop, and many others.

A very pleasant event took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Blachford, 166 Carlton street, on Tuesday evening, November 2, when they entertained a large number of relatives and friends in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. The happy couple received some very handsome presents and good wishes from friends both far and near, amongst whom were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Fletcher, Miss Blachford, Mr. R. T. Blachford, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Blachford, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Blachford, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Blachford; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Blachford, Messrs. Percy and Will Blachford, Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Dodge of Detroit; Miss Beatrice Blachford, Messrs. Fred A. and Allan Blachford, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Lucas; Miss Compton of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. A. Souter, Miss Souter of New York; Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Kennedy of Jamaica; Miss Selby, Miss Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. George Gamble, the Misses Gamble, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Selby, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Selby, Mr. W. Selby of Orillia, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. W. Selby, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer of Thorold, Mrs. Ed. Robinson of Chatham, Mrs. Robert Ramsay of Orillia, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hastings of Alpena, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Miller of Winnipeg, Mrs. A. A. Miller, Mrs. Wayling of Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Platt, Capt. and Miss Mercer, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sproule, Mrs. Hammond, Miss Sproule, Mrs. Eastwood, Miss Culverwell of Codrill, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. J. Carter, Rev. Albert Lawrence of Minden, Ont., Miss Lawrence of New York.

The 'Varsity, that bright college weekly, has begun its career for the season. Mr. Burris Gahan is editor-in-chief. Mr. Fred A. Cleland, business manager, and Mr. Eric N. Armour, assistant. The editorial board includes: Miss Lynde, '98; Miss C. C. Benson, '99; Miss Cockburn, '00; Messrs. John M. Gunn, '98; H. J. O'Higgins, '98; A. E. McFarlane, '98; W. H. Alexander, '99; N. T. Johnston, '99; G. W. Ross, '99; G. F. Kay, '00; J. R. S. Scott, '00; J. A. Bow, W. E. Carter, W. Foreman, S. P. S.; A. J. Isbester, '01. The business board consists of the following: Miss A. Ashwell, '98; Miss H. Woolverton, '99; Messrs. George H. Black, '98; A. N. Mitchell, '00; R. Stovell, L. Allan, S. P. S.

Mrs. W. E. M. Powell of 25 Borden street will receive on Wednesday afternoon and evening, November 17, and afterwards will be at home on the first and third Wednesday in each month.

Mr. and Mrs. George Plunkett Magann, who have been traveling in southern Europe, returned home this week by the North German Lloyd steamer Aller. During their visit to Rome they were much indebted for kind attentions to Monsieur Merry Del Val, and secured an audience with His Holiness the Pope. Both enjoyed the trip immensely.

The young ladies of the Y.W.C.G., McGill street, held a pleasant reception in their drawing-rooms on Wednesday afternoon from four to six o'clock.

The annual concert and dance under the auspices of the Trinity University Athletic Association, will take place in Convocation Hall on the evening of Tuesday, November 30. The affair will no doubt be as delightful as ever.

R. Sproule, M.D., a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, has taken up residence and begun practice at 133 Carlton street. Dr. Sproule is a specialist in the use of electricity in medical science, and will confine himself to office practice and a special list of cases. He is known to many in Toronto, as he was here in 1885 with the Irish athletic team, and will no doubt be soon made to feel quite at home. Dr. Sproule is a native of Omagh, in the County Tyrone, and a son of Mr. Robert Sproule, the Irish Land Commissioner.

Mrs. A. McAlpine Taylor of Ingersoll, formerly of Toronto, is visiting her old college friend, Mrs. Herbert M. Kipp of McCaul street. Mrs. Kipp will receive the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

The excellent work done by the Central Lodging House Association (more generally known as the Victor House), of which Rev. H. C. Dixon is president, is well known to a great many people. The practical nature of the work recommends it to all. Rev. Mr. Dixon has just sent out his annual circular, and it states that 1,494 persons have been supplied with work through the organization, which shows that

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A trial package of our finest goods mailed to any address for 10c. in stamps.

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The most artistic mountings only are used—both silver and gold—many of them set with Turquoise, Amethyst and Topaz stones.

Prices range from \$1.00 to \$2.00 each.

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Also with late arrivals in black goods may be mentioned the new "Mignonne", Biarritz, Silk and Wool Mixtures, Jacquards, Silk Cords on open basket work designs, new Brocades, &c.

In Colors

We show specials in Tweeds, Plain Cloths, Homespun Suitings and the very latest colored fabric—"Muscovite."

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Art Exhibit

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extend to their customers a cordial invitation to call and inspect their Art Exhibit of Xmas Calendars for 1898.

They have decided this season to open up their Exhibit of Calendars, Cards and Booklets much earlier than usual, so that their customers may have time to look them well over before the Christmas rush commences.

The Art Gallery is now open, and all lovers of the artistic are invited to see this display.

53 King St. East A. E. HUESTIS, Mgr.

Dainty Desserts

Our Savarins, Babas, Canelous, Tartelettes, Eclairs, Bijoux, Spanish Meringues, Glaces, etc., are delicious.

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Caterer and Manufacturing Confectioner

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helping and elevating them." I am requested to ask that "persons requiring men for odd jobs or permanent employment will please apply to the manager or ring up telephone 2401." This is an institution that promotes, not the charity of indiscriminate giving, but cause of reform, and offers aid to those anxious to do better than beg.

Since their return from Island Park, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Allan have taken up winter quarters at 232 Jarvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Duff Scott have returned to 167 Bloor street east, where Mrs. Scott will receive every Monday.

The formal opening of St. Margaret's College was one of the several events that interested society last night. To this important event I hope to make further reference later.

The annual distribution of prizes at Upper Canada College took place yesterday at three o'clock in the public hall of the College. The annual commencement of the Harbord street Collegiate Institute also occurred Friday afternoon.

The annual meeting of the Children's Aid Society was held at the Shelter on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock.

This has been a military week at the Princess Theater. Ralph Cummings and his talented stock company presenting that fine comedy, Our Regiment. On Monday evening, and at each subsequent performance, the brilliant uniforms of the local corps have been much in evidence. On Friday evening the sergeants of the Queen's Own Rifles attended in a body, occupying the first two rows of the balcony. Col. Otter and party, and several other military groups, occupied boxes on Monday night.

Mrs. (Dr.) Chamberlain and her daughter, Miss Chamberlain, of 615 Spadina avenue, gave a very enjoyable musical evening on Tuesday last in honor of their guests, Mrs. Parish and Mrs. Arnold, who are visitors for a few weeks to our city from Brockville. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Bradford, Mr. and Mrs. Rudd, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Laishley, Prof. and Mrs. Saunders, Misses Jephcott, Genant of Brockville, Denney, Munroe, Hahn, Matthews, G'Ell; Messrs. Paul Hahn, N. Young-Poucher, C. Huntington, Z. Gallagher.

The At Home of Amicus Lodge, Knights of Pythias, to be held in St. George's Hall next

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13 varieties—each one makes a pint and a half of delicious soup. Absolutely unvarying in their high quality. Best grocers sell them.

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13 varieties—rich and delicate in their flavoring because of their purity. Made in England—used by the nobility there. Sold by best grocers everywhere.

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Our annual importations of NEW PERFUMES and TOILET NECESSITIES just arrived from PARIS, from those world-famed perfumers—

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by judgment of the eye, says Shakespeare. Many ladies show their excellent judgment in adding to their beauty by ensuring...

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—for Balls, Theater, Weddings, etc. If you want your hair dressed stylish and becoming, come and see us. We always lead in styles. The largest and most convenient parlors, all on ground floor, and our prices are always moderate. We have ornaments in fine cut steel, jet, amber, tortoiseshell, agate and brilliants. Our scalp treatment has given the greatest satisfaction. We guarantee to stop the hair falling and promote a healthy growth. The treatment is suited to the scalp. Nearly every scalp needs different treatment, and ladies who live in the north end of the city will receive equal satisfaction at our branch, 775 Yonge St., for treatment and hair dressing.

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Ladies desiring their hair stylishly and becomingly dressed for the approaching Balls, soirees, concerts, etc., are kindly requested to make their appointments at least several days in advance to prevent disappointment. As a great number of ladies want their hair dressed at about the same hour on such occasions, it is evident many ladies are disappointed in not being able to get their hair dressed at once. Only by regulated appointments are we able to give prompt attention to our patrons.

Those who make their appointments first naturally have the choice of the time. Our hair dressing parlors are the brightest in Toronto. Tel. 2488.

Hair dressed at ladies' own residences. Hair Ornaments in real Shell, real Jet, real Amber, real Steel, etc. Fine Toilet Powders, Rouges, Cream, etc.

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If you wish your hair dressed, shampooed, cut, singed, dyed, bleached, etc., we guarantee strictly first-class work by our competent staff of hair dressers. In this department we have also added and secured the services of Miss Annie Pembroke. Ladies may rest assured that every satisfaction will be given in all branches of our establishment. **THE DORENWEID CO. of Toronto, Limited, 160-161 Yonge St.** For appointment in hair dressing telephone 4531.

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CONVINO

WARRE & CO. OPORTO

Tuesday evening is being looked forward to with a great deal of expectancy by those favored with invitations, owing to the admirable arrangements that have been made for the comfort and entertainment of their guests. Over-crowding will be avoided as much as possible,

and towards this end an exhibition of lime light views will be given in the upper hall by a well known member of the Toronto Camera Club, as well as a short concert by some favorably known local talent. Glionna's orchestra will supply the music for dancing, which will take place in the concert hall.

A Freak of Memory

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Author of "What's Bred in the Bone," "The Devil's Die," "The Woman Who Did," etc., etc.

(Copyrighted, 1897, by GRANT ALLEN.)

I first discovered my strange faculty by pure accident.

I was sitting with my mother on the terrace at Grange Court one July afternoon, while she turned out the contents of a funny old work-basket. It was filled with quaint pieces of faded brocade, and scraps of yellow lace from forgotten dresses. I was then twenty-two; my mother was forty-five, and as beautiful as she had ever been. As she sorted out the rags, she came upon one remnant of a very handsome old furniture tapestry.

"That will do for this place, I think," she said, pointing to a gap in her silk embroidery, into which she was working selected pieces from different designs, and combining them cleverly into a new color-harmony. "It just fills up that corner. What do you say to it, Walter?"

"Yes," I answered carelessly. "It's a very pretty pattern. I remember I always did admire it immensely."

My mother smiled. "Admire it!" she cried. "Why, Walter, you silly! You can't ever have seen it. You were ten months old when the west wing was burnt. And the rest of these curtains were burnt with the bedroom."

I reflected a moment. "Ten months old!" I answered. "My dear mother, impossible! I remember that pattern as well as if it were yesterday. And the fire—why, dear me, the fire is one of my clearest childhood memories. You must be mistaken. I can recollect the engine coming over from Wade, and the men in their brass helmets, and the red glare of the flames on the garden wall as distinctly as anything that ever happened to me."

"You've heard of it, my dear boy," my mother said firmly; "so you fancy you recollect it."

"Fancy," I cried, taken aback. "Not a bit of it. I remember it. Why, those curtains had crimson flowers like this one on their edge, with big birds of Paradise, or something of the sort, on palm-branches in the center."

"You've seen them elsewhere," my mother said confidently. "After all, the pattern was at one time quite fashionable." And she matched her shades of silk with it.

"No, no," I answered, with that natural indignation one always feels at being doubted, even in a trifle. "There was an old mahogany four-poster in the room, with pine-apple tops to the lower posts; and these curtains hung down from a canopy overhead—a round-edged canopy, with carved wooden roses."

"My dear boy," said my mother, "you must have seen a picture of it. I can't be mistaken as to the date of the fire. You were ten months old at the time, and I had only just weaned you. A mother doesn't forget important things like that, especially when they happen to her first baby."

"And there was a Cupid at the foot," I went on, unconcerned, "with wings and a torch, carved in high relief, in very old mahogany."

My mother glanced aside, and called the head gardener with a movement of her eyes. He came up.

"Yes, my lady?"

"Watson, how old was Mr. Walter when the west wing was burned down?"

"Mr. Walter came of age October last year, my lady. So he must have been just about ten months old at the time of the fire; for it was the first July after I came to Sir Archibald."

"Mr. Walter was a baby in arms when you came?"

"Yes, my lady; a month old. And the fire was in July. We were just on the strawberries. The date of the rebuilding is up on the new wing, you know, Mr. Walter."

So it was, I knew well. In a flash it all came home to me. I remembered the room as it was before the fire, as distinctly as I remembered my rooms in Christ Church. I couldn't have known at the time the bed was mahogany, or the creatures that sprawled on the curtains were birds of Paradise; but I knew they were now, just as I knew the carved figure at the foot was a winged Cupid. The picture had remained with me, as vivid as any picture I ever saw in my life; it was stamped upon my brain; and I had read into it the results of my later experience. I could recall the whole room, now that the tapestry gave me a hint on which to hang it; could recall the engravings that flanked the grate—mezzotints after Sir Joshua, I should take them to be nowadays; could recall the satin coverings of the chairs and sofas (Second Empire taste), with the paper on the walls, the carpet on the floor, the Persian tiles by the fireplace. I described them all to my mother. "Don't talk of it, Walter," she cried, looking over at me half-suspiciously. "It seems quite uncanny. If you really do remember it all, you must have been too terribly precocious a baby. And if you don't remember it, why, I'm sure I can't say who on earth can have told you all about it."

I saw my strange memory gave her a shudder of vague fear; and as I always respected my mother's little superstitions—she was a Devonshire woman—I said no more about the matter at the time for fear of worrying her.

But like the parrot in the story, I thought the more. It was quite clear to me now that I could distinctly recollect the appearance of a room which was burnt to the ground when I was ten months old. If I could recollect that, I could recollect other things. Memory is a faculty that lies dormant for a while, but can generally be revived by some material association. Psychology had interested me from my Oxford training—though my father disliked it. I began to try definitely how much I could recall of my earliest days, starting from the burnt wing as a reconstructive basis.

Bit by bit the whole series came strangely back to me. The room, once clearly reconstructed in my mind, led up to the people who were most of all associated with it. Dimly at first, through the mist of years, but more vividly

afterwards, as I bent my mind to it, there occurred to me the faces of a nurse and a nurse-maid, who used to take me for walks down the paths in the park, when the plantations were young, before the new larches had been put in by the side of Hartwood Hanger. One point after another I recovered piecemeal. New people and new facts seemed to suggest yet further scenes and episodes. I grew absorbed in the pursuit. My father, with his military prejudices, declared I was growing dull and moody. But the more I thought of it, the more fascinating it became, this retrospective reconstruction. I hardly dare tell you how much I could manage to recall at last, or how far I could go back into the first days of my babyhood. I seem even to recollect somebody holding a candle quite close to my eyes, and my blinking in alarm at the sudden strangeness and unexpectedness of the light. But that may perhaps be a pure stretch of fancy. What is certain is that by pushing back and ever further back my memory, with one clue after another, I could summon up at last almost forgotten episodes of my first months of childhood.

III.

This process of rebuilding had gone on for some time, and we were back again at our home in London for the season, where I was beginning to throw myself into the present once more, and might perhaps have abandoned my psychological studies, but for another little accident which greatly altered the whole course of my existence. By this time, I think, I had almost exhausted the memories of my childhood, and would have given up puzzling out any more such details, had not Professor Pontifex, the famous biologist, come to dine one night, as he often did, at our house in Curzon street.

My father, as everyone knows, in spite of his military ideas, had scientific tastes—he dabbled in butterflies—and Pontifex was just the sort of man whose union of science with a tincture of *bonhomie* exactly suited him. In the course of dinner the Professor's talk turned on his then famous theory of Inherited Memory.

He maintained that what was essential and central in the transmission of faculties by plants or animals to their offspring was above all things a form of unconscious knowledge. "How does the egg know what to do when it begins to develop into a chicken?" he asked in his rhetorical way. "Why, that very protoplasm which forms the egg, as Weismann has shown, was once part and parcel of an ancestral organism—and not of one alone, but of many successive parental organisms. It and its parents are portions of the same mass; your egg subsumes in its very structure the memories of many previous fowls at all stages of their existence. So it remembers what it did when it was an egg before, and it proceeds to build itself up, as it always built itself up, into the bones and muscles of a living chicken."

"Very curious," said my mother, discussing the subject. "These things are so mysterious. Do you think it can remember its ancestral life then?" I asked, much interested.

"Not consciously," the Professor answered, with his restrained smile; "but unconsciously, yes. Oh, yes, I'm sure of it. Consider the facts. It and its parents were one. Whatever has happened to them has happened to it. All the changes and modifications ever made in them are automatically registered and transmitted to posterity in the very structure and matter of the germ. The egg rebuilds their form in every minutest detail. And how can it rebuild save by inherited memory?"

"Very true," said my mother. "Have you seen Salvini?"

"Can this unconscious memory become conscious?" I asked. "Say, by an effort of will, such as we often make when we try to recall a name or face we have more than half forgotten?"

"Professor Pontifex," said my mother, breaking in quite eagerly, "don't encourage Walter in these foolish fads. I'm sure I can't tell whatever is going to become of him. He'll drift into being a psychological researcher."

"Nonsense, Louisa," said my father. "You confuse the issues. Professor Pontifex is talking science. What do you say to that, Pontifex? Could this unconscious memory be brought up into consciousness?"

The Professor paused, and fortified himself with half a glass of dry champagne. "Well, that's not an easy thing to answer off-hand," he said. "Of course, in the lower animals, what we call instinct is just such unconscious inherited memory, rising up into consciousness. The cuckoo knows how to lay its egg in another bird's nest; the spider knows how to build its web; the beaver knows how to construct its dam; the bower-bird knows how to decorate its grotto—all by pure exercise of inherited memory. But whether anything analogous to these animal faculties occurs in ourselves, after we've once built up our brains and bodies—that's quite another question."

"You don't think," I interposed, "a man could so train himself as to remember individual or particular episodes in the lives of his parents?"

"Might be deuced awkward for the parents," my father murmured coldly, below his mustache, fixing me with his eye after a fashion he had which always frightened me.

"What nonsense you talk, Walter," my mother put in, quite angrily. "I wonder you encourage him in such ideas, Dr. Pontifex."

"Well, I don't quite know," the Professor said slowly, poisoning an olive on his fork and going on with his argument. "It's just conceivable, perhaps; just conceivable. We have inherited memory of what is common to the race—how to breathe, how to move, how to take our first sustenance; but then, that inherited memory can come to us through our parents alone; and it's possible, quite possible, an exceptionally constituted mind might be able to recall even particular facts that hap-

pened to it when it was part and parcel of its parents. You see, Lady Egremont, an amoeba goes on growing and growing till it becomes so big that it divides in the middle into two equal parts; the consequence is that each of those parts is just as much the original amoeba as the other one. There's no distinction here of larger and smaller halves—of parent and child, as we call them in higher organisms."

"I'm not an amoeba," my mother answered coldly, "nor, I believe, is Sir Archibald."

The Professor said no more, for he was a wise man, and he knew when to be silent. Indeed, in his character as a distinguished epicure, he was right to hold his tongue, for our house in Curzon street was famous for its curries, its wines and its music; and my mother made it a rule never to ask anybody who displeased her once to come again to dinner.

IV.

Dr. Pontifex's ideas set me thinking considerably. My success in recollecting the events of my childhood had given me such an interest in this curious subject that I couldn't help trying whether I had really any such ulterior ancestral memory as this that he talked about. I devoted several mornings, alone in the library, to thinking and experimenting on the problem he had suggested. My faculty of recovery was now so far trained that I had not the slightest difficulty in recalling at will almost everything that had happened to me from the day of my birth; but when I tried to project myself backward into the personality of my ancestors, I could attain at first but to a vague and hazy sense of some dim past period. A great gulf seemed fixed between myself and them; a veil interposed itself between descendant and ancestors. I felt the task was hopeless and the pursuit a delusion, till one morning accidentally a clue came of itself to me.

We were walking in the Park, my mother and I, as we often did before lunch, when, by the sub-tropical garden, a gray-haired old gentleman suddenly recognized her and raised his hat, irresolute. For a second he hesitated, then he came up and spoke.

"Miss Newenham, surely?" he began, in an enquiring tone. "I felt sure I recognized you."

"Not Miss Newenham now," my mother answered, smiling. "Lady Egremont, you know; you must remember that I married Sir Archibald."

"Ah, yes; to be sure. I remember all that. Could I ever forget it? But twenty-two years of Hong Kong—don't you know! You were Miss Newenham then; 'tis as Miss Newenham I have always remembered you."

"My eldest boy, Walter," my mother said as he looked at me. "Yes, General, my eldest son. Now, don't pretend you don't believe it."

"Bless my soul, might be your brother!" the General put in quickly. And so indeed he might. For there never was a younger-looking woman than my mother.

They stopped and talked a while about old times, as old friends will do after years of absence. Then they exchanged cards, and we two went off alone along the Serpentine.

"He's grown very gray," I began, as we turned up at the corner by the artificial rockery.

"Who?" my mother asked sharply, with a sort of timid glance at me.

"Why, General O'Donoghue."

"How did you know his name? I never mentioned it." She seemed quite frightened.

I stood still by the waterside, there in London, in broad daylight, feeling suddenly aware that a miracle had happened. Half-terrified myself, I answered, "I remembered it."

"Remembered it! Impossible! You never saw him. He went to Hong Kong before I was married."

"Yes; but you saw him, and I remember it perfectly. I knew it was Captain O'Donoghue the first instant he came up to us."

My mother looked hard at me.

"Walter," she said earnestly, "you're trying to play tricks upon me. You read his card sideways. Either you're imposing upon me, or else you're mystery-mongering."

"Mother," I said, in my most solemn tone, "I'm doing nothing of the sort. I've never read his card or seen him before, since—since I parted from him years ago by the bridge at Canford."

Her face grew white. She grasped the railing by the border a second.

"You parted from him," she cried, "by the bridge at Canford! You never parted from him. It was I, and you know it."

I started back myself. I knew she spoke the truth. I remembered parting from him quite well, oh, so well; too clearly; but I was a young girl then, in a bright morning dress, the very day after the Canford party.

In a second I saw what had really happened. This memory of mine was separated from all others by a gulf, an immeasurable gulf. Between it and me there intervened, like a wall, an indefinite Something. Yet it was I all the same. It was I who had said good-bye, a tearful girl's good-bye, to Capt. O'Donoghue of the Engineers, by the bridge at Canford. And just as a scrap of the tapestry was needed to revive my memory of the room in which I lay in my cradle, so the sight of the bronzed face and grizzled mustache was needed to revive the memory of the man I had seen when as yet I was not.

"Let us go home," I said slowly, overwhelmed in thought.

"Let us go home," said my mother.

We returned in silence.

For several days after that nothing more was said by either of us on the subject. But for the first time in my life I noticed that my mother seemed to shrink from my touch and to dread being left alone with me.

For myself, this new clue was so vastly interesting that I followed it up with the intensest curiosity. Starting from General O'Donoghue (or Captain O'Donoghue, as I called him to myself) I found I could remember endless people and things connected with Canford and my mother's childhood. You know how one sometimes forgets a verse of poetry, yet, with one line as a clue, gradually and carefully builds it all up again. It was just so I felt with my vague recollections of my mother's life. Indefinite at first, and only distinctly recalled to me by the episode of the young Engineer officer who had come to the village when she was still a mere girl, they grew more and more coherent the longer I thought about them. They came back to me one by one as the episodes of my

"Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee."

(OTHELLO)

"SALADA"

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own infancy had done before. I knew now, too, why I remembered first of all the parting with Captain O'Donoghue. When I came to recall it, it was the event that had stamped itself deepest and clearest on my mother's memory—that is to say on my own, for the two were inseparable.

The weight of this secret bowed me down with its magnitude.

At last one day, as I loitered in the library, my mother spoke to me.

"Walter," she said imploringly, "don't keep me in the dark. Do tell me how you heard about myself and General O'Donoghue."

"I didn't hear," I answered. "I remember—everything."

She clasped her hands and looked at me. Her lips were ashy white.

"My boy," she said, "my boy, do tell me this is a trick got up between yourself, the General, and Dr. Pontifex. You don't really know how much—"

"How much you loved him? Yes, mother, I do. But why should you shrink from it? It was I—I myself. So I sympathize with you in it."

She gave a little cry.

"You really remember?" she murmured.

"Yes, I really remember; remember the whole episode. I could tell you the very words he said to me by the sluice, when he took my hand in his—"

My mother stared hard at me.

"Your hand!" she cried. "Your hand! Oh, Walter, are you mad, or am I, I wonder?"

"Neither of us," I answered. "Dr. Pontifex is right. I have put it to the test, and his theory stands it. There is such a thing as inherited memory."

My mother looked at me again. Her eyes were hard now. Not a gleam of light in them.

"But you know I never loved him," she said; "you know—"

"I know you did love him," I answered, "with a girl's first love; and were thwarted by your parents. And I know that nothing was said or done on either side which any good man or woman need feel the least regret for."

"You know that?" my mother exclaimed.

"Even the letter to Plymouth—" I began.

But my mother would hear no more. With a wild little cry she clasped her hands to her ears and rushed out of the room. From that moment forth I knew she hated me. For there are things by the thousand in every man and woman, however pure and however good, which they could not endure any other on earth should know them capable of.

And yet, to me, it was all so natural. I had been there and seen; it was I who had done it all. I understood and sympathized, just because—I remembered. It was long before I began to feel and understand why my mother looked at it in so different a light. I was she, but she was not I, from the moment when I began to have a separate existence. I was someone other than she; while to me she was but a phase of my own past history.

IV.

Several weeks passed, and with each new day this strange pursuit grew upon me more and more. I was always in the library, absorbed in thought. My discovery seemed to me so pregnant in results. If I could but establish this fact, I should have introduced a new factor into the study of biology—shed a totally fresh light on the processes of heredity.

And it was all my own doing! Pontifex, to be sure, had conceived the principle as a mere guess or aperçu; but it was I who had raised it by my own researches to the higher level of experimental certainty. And if, as Darwin said, he who proves is a discoverer, then I had discovered a truth of the utmost importance and interest to humanity. No one could say where this clue might yet lead us; its implications were innumerable, its possibilities boundless. History itself might yet be rewritten, in the light of a trained historical memory.

My father didn't like me remaining so often alone in the library. "You don't read," he said; "you don't write a book; you simply sit and moon there like an imbecile. It's a very bad habit for you. That way madness lies. Nothing is so likely to upset the balance of the brain as constant concentration on some internal subject. You should take down Maudsley and read him through. You'd find there how dangerous it is for a man to be self-centered. If you want to keep sane, mix freely with your kind; think, feel, and act with them. If you want to go mad, why, shut yourself up alone with your own thoughts, and brood over them continually. That's the moral of all the most advanced modern thinking on the subject of insanity."

Self-centered, indeed! This was not to be self-centered! What I was mooning about was no personal subject, but the thought and life of

all those who had preceded me; what I was brooding over was a scientific discovery of the utmost importance to the future of humanity.

I knew my mother now like an open book; I could read her at sight; might I know my father? Given a first clue, I had an intuitive consciousness that I could decipher him too when opportunity offered. But he was so reserved a man, and held himself always so far aloof from us, that I hardly knew where to begin my experiments. So a month or two passed, and I had accomplished nothing. Accomplished nothing, I say, for the development of this new and colossal idea had now become an end in life to me. Still, I never spoke about the subject to my mother; without any open rupture, any acknowledgment of a change on either side, I felt our relations were placed all at once on a different footing. She watched me furtively, and hated to catch my eye. When she caught it by accident hers fell in a second, or else looked aside with a certain strange air, half dislike, half terror. But in general society, while keeping my discovery dark till I had the means of proving it to all the world, I couldn't quite refrain from talking sometimes of heredity.

"Pontifex," my father said before me once at my club, where he had been lunching with the Professor, "don't encourage that boy in these queer notions any more; it's becoming a monomania with him. Just set him off on butterflies."

But the Professor only fixed his cold gray eyes upon me, and answered slowly, "It's an interesting study; a most interesting study. And whether he was referring to heredity or to myself I was never quite certain."

At last one day I happened to have toothache, and went to a dentist's close by in George street. While waiting for my turn I chanced to open a book of thirty years earlier—the bound volume of an illustrated paper of my father's first manhood that lay upon the table. As I turned over the pages I came suddenly face to face with a woodcut of a man, after a photograph of the period, which somehow, as

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if by chance, instantly fixed me. I was aware in a second that I had seen that portrait before. Or rather, I had known the man it represented. In a fever of suspense I turned to the letter-press. "Major Aldegrave of the 71st," I read, "whose portrait we reproduce on page 140, was the victim of a sad tragedy near Dover on Friday last. The unfortunate officer—I ran my eye on hurriedly—"dangerous part of the cliffs. . . . fall of two hundred feet. . . . picked up quite dead. . . . no eye witness of the disaster." My brain reeled around. What, Aldegrave of the 71st? Poor old Aldegrave found dead! Great heavens, this was terrible!

That instant my tooth ceased to ache as if by magic. I left the house hurriedly. I must get some fresh air. Aldegrave dead! Poor old Aldegrave dead! It seemed somehow to stun me.

I walked out into Hanover square and let the cool, moist air blow full on my forehead. It relieved me a little. After the first fierce shock of this unexpected recollection I began to consider whereabouts in my mother's life I could place the vivid and most painful memory of poor old Aldegrave. But he didn't fit in anywhere. He seemed to grow hazier the more I concentrated myself on my mother's recollections. Poor old Aldegrave! Why, the phrase was a man's! Then came another shock. Great God, I had found it—the missing clue to my father's memories!

Aldegrave! Poor old Aldegrave! Smoke and gossip at the club—the officers' club by the pier at Dover. Lansquenet; a note of hand; more champagne; more champagne there! Losing, losing, losing; five hundred; a thousand; two, three, four, five; there seems no end of it! Back to my quarters alone; Aldegrave gone out to cool himself with a walk, all flushed with his winnings! The edge of the cliff; peering, peering over; a dead body on the shore! So still, so strange! Poor old Aldegrave dead. And it was I who had killed him!

With a flash more certain than the most certain knowledge it came back to me now. I was crawling on my knees to the edge of the cliff where I pushed him over. Crawling slowly to the edge and peering down below to see whether the fall had really killed him.

I saw it all at once—saw it and understood it in less than a second. The reason why that woodcut restored the whole story for me was simply this: It was the vividest fact in my father's past history. It had burned itself into a searing iron into the very core and fabric of his brain; it had been transmitted intact to his children after him. Transmitted potentially to all of us in the remote recesses of unconscious thought; revealed to me in a flash by the accident of that portrait.

I went home to Curzon street, with my brain all seething. I could feel it at work. I was reconstructing, as I went, a new past history.

I opened the door with my latch-key and walked straight into the library. On the bottom shelf stood old piles of back volumes of that illustrated paper. I remembered now that my father had often quarreled with my mother because she wouldn't turn out "those hateful old books—so dusty and musty," to make room for others. I remembered also that he particularly hid away one half-yearly volume. I turned it up at once and looked for the page with poor Aldegrave's death in it. Why, how odd! It wasn't there! I examined the place closely. Page 141 followed page 138. The intermediate double page had been cut out of the volume. I could see the cut edge where a pen-knife had severed it.

Just at that moment my father entered. He looked across at me suspiciously.

"What are you doing with that book?" he asked, glancing over my shoulder and recognizing the paging.

I floundered and blundered like a schoolboy detected.

"I—I was looking for something," I said stupidly. "There's a page cut out here." I was always more than half afraid of my father. His eyes met mine. I could not face them. I grew hot and stammered.

"What were you looking in that place for?" he asked again sternly.

My presence of mind forsook me. I never in my life could tell a lie to my father.

"The account of poor old Aldegrave's death," I answered, trembling.

My father drew back slowly, and measured me from head to foot with his military eye. Then he said, in a clear voice that never quivered for a second, "Pontifex put you up to this. He's been at his devil's work with you."

"He has done nothing of the sort," I answered. "I saw it at the dentist's. And the moment I saw it, I remembered everything."

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything. The note of hand, the midnight walk, how I lay on the edge of the cliff and looked over at the body, how I went back to my quarters, and what men said at mess next day about it."

"Ha!"

My father was looking at me with a fixed, deadly look. He was not angry; he was hardly even frightened; but he seemed to be thinking with incalculable speed a thousand things in a minute.

"And what use do you mean to make of this—fancy?" he asked at last, in a tone of derision.

"None at all," I answered; "as far as I am aware, at least. But I haven't yet had time to consider what I feel about it. You see, it's so sudden."

My father looked hard at me still. I quailed before his glance—I, who had been a murderer.

"You said you crawled to the edge of the cliff, I think," he muttered low at last. "You said you crawled?"

"Yes, I said so. That is to say—we did it."

"You recognize that fact? You know that what I did, if ever I did anything, you did also?"

"Yes, clearly. I remember it. Therefore, of course, it was I who did it."

He drew a long breath.

"You know what made me kill him?" he asked. "Or, rather, what made you?"

"I remember it now, I think. I didn't till this moment. But your hint recalls it. He said a thing—oh, father, even to you yourself I daren't repeat it."

My father looked still at me.

"This is a bad job," he said, musing, "a very bad job. It might have been worse, if I said before others. But as it stands it's bad enough.

For thirty years, till now, I have lived unsuspected; no one has ventured to accuse me of that; and at last, just to think Pontifex should set you upon this nonsense! Well, well, I must face it. There's only one thing to be done, and for your brothers' and sisters' sakes I shrank from doing it. But in self-defence I must do it now. I must put a stop at once to these silly fancies."

"Fancies!" I cried. "But surely you admit—you admitted just now—and, besides, I know. I remember everything. Why, the page cut from the book. That alone—that alone would be evidence that you did it."

"Fool!" he said, looking contemptuously at me. "Is that your idea of evidence? Who on earth is to know it wasn't you who cut it out? And you venture to threaten me!"

"You threatened first," I replied, growing warm. "I know very well what you mean—an asylum."

"You have said it," he answered, with a bend of his head. "Very well, then, an asylum. And your friend Pontifex will manage it for us."

I buried my face in my hands. I saw in a moment how completely I was trapped. Monomania! Monomania! Who could believe my report? And my hands were tied so! How could I try to bring home the murder I knew I had committed to my own father?

I remembered it all. I knew it was unavoidable. Even as he faced me there, the real reasons came back to me. I felt the impossibility of anybody's resisting the fierce temptation to fight Aldegrave that evening for that deadly taunt. No man of honor could have brooked it. I understood how he—how I—had closed in a life and death struggle with that wretched slanderer; how we had striven to drag each other, both equally, to the edge of the cliff; how I had got the better of him at last, and, hardly knowing what I did, in a wild access of passion, had flung him madly over; how, then, it had burst upon me that everyone would say I had done it basely for the mere matter of the note of hand; how I could not explain without seeming to compromise, or at least to cast doubts upon, a lady's honor; and how I had crawled back to my quarters a wretched man, unable even to say bravely to the world, as I could have wished, "I did it in hot blood, to save an innocent woman's reputation, and I am ready to hang for it."

I raised my head at last and told my father all this. I recounted it from within, as he himself might have recounted it. He listened sullenly.

"Useless!" he said; "useless! Even granting it were true, no two men can keep a secret. And if a secret there is, which I won't admit to the very walls of this room—it is safer where you yourself have told me I would send it."

He sat down in his easy-chair and rested his head on his hand for a minute or so. Once more I could see his brain working fiercely. Then he spoke again, in a deliberative voice.

"Perhaps I have been a little too hasty," he said. "Let us leave the matter open for to-day at least. I'll ask Pontifex to dinner and take his opinion upon it. He's your friend, you know, and to a great extent he shares your delusions."

V.

I passed a terrible time till the dinner hour that night. But dressing seemed somehow to relieve me, as it often does. There's something very calming about dressing for dinner. Tom and the girls were out, so we had a square party—my father and mother, myself and Pontifex.

Outwardly there was nothing different from usual in the conversation. That seemed safest to all of us. We discussed the season, the political situation, the last new book, the last play at the Lyceum, as cheerfully as we could, to look well before the servants. But I could see my father and mother were watching me hard, and Pontifex's cold eye was looking through and through me. After dinner we men adjourned to the smoking-room. For a while we sat there talking; the conversation grew real; then my father rose and slipped quietly from the party. I was left *tete-a-tete* for some minutes with Pontifex. Bit by bit the Professor drew me out unawares. He talked sweetly and sympathetically. I mustn't mind these wild threats of my father's. He himself had always believed in this inherited memory, and was not in the least surprised it should now and then assume a peculiar form in a very exceptional and nervously organized individual. In point of fact he had always expected to find such aberrations. He saw no reason to doubt that a man, by taking thought, might recall the very acts and experiences of his ancestors. Such memory was normal in the lower animals. It might rank in humanity as a mere lapsed faculty.

"Then you think it might even go beyond the parents' lives?" I asked at last, quite grateful for his acquiescence.

"Oh, certainly. Not a doubt of it. It occurs in nature. Take the well known case of the queen bee for example. She transmits to her worker offspring the instincts of honey-gathering, of comb-building and of larva-nursing, which she herself has never at all possessed, but which she derives implicitly from some very early undeveloped ancestress, before the race of bees had taken to socialism. Every female bee then still performed the whole work of cell-making and rearing the grubs. Now the queen inherits those dormant faculties and passes them on to her weaker daughters. That's an absolute analogue."

"So it is," I cried, quite charmed by his reasoning. "And there's no reason, therefore, why a man shouldn't in like manner recall the minutest events in the previous history of all his ancestors from the earliest period!"

"None at all," Pontifex answered, leaning forward and gazing at me. "And just think what a gain that would be to science! The thinker who devoted himself to thus unraveling the secrets of primitive humanity would open up for us a most marvelous and illuminating page in evolutionary history. He would recollect every phase in the long series of stages by which the monkey-like creature with hairy hide and pointed ears grew gradually to the image of the Apollo and the Venus."

"That would be a splendid achievement," I exclaimed enthusiastically.

Just at that moment, as I afterwards remembered, the door opened quietly; but I took no notice of it at the time, believing that it was

only Roberts come to take away the coffee-cups. He moved about the room with the noiseless tread of a well-trained servant; then he stood at the back of my chair for a second, and shortly moved aside. I didn't look around. 'Twas an unseasonable interruption.

"Well, tell me," the Professor went on in rather a different voice. "So you have really succeeded, by successive efforts of memory, in recalling everything in your father and mother's lives? That's interesting, very!"

"Oh, yes," I answered. "In my mother's life, quite everything. In my father's, as yet only the first salient incident; but that a very important one. I seem to start always on my task of reconstruction with one fact as a clue—some serious fact that made an indelible impression on my father's or mother's brain—and then to work backward and forward from that episode."

"What episode?" he asked curiously.

I paused and hesitated.

"I couldn't tell you," I answered. "It would be—well, you must understand—equivalent, in fact, to a breach of confidence. Besides, I feel that I did these things myself, and no man is bound to incriminate himself, is he?"

He snapped at the word.

"Incriminate! Oh, really. Well, why now 'incriminate'?"

"Most people have things they don't wish known; and these are the very ones that burn themselves deepest into the core of our memory."

"Quite true," he said thoughtfully. "Quite true. Most true. What you say is very reasonable." And then he led me on by endless other steps, in his cleverest fashion, till I had been obliged to confess that though I could describe the pattern in my mother's room, and recall the arrangement of my father's quarters in Dover Castle, I couldn't explain to him the exact nature of the circumstances which had led me to the discovery of this singular faculty.

"More than one man's secret is involved," I said; "and, I might perhaps add, more than one woman's honor."

Pontifex turned around triumphantly towards somebody at the back.

"That ought to be enough for our purpose, Dr. Yates-Westbury," he said.

Yates-Westbury came forward—a little fox-like man: I had not yet noticed him.

"Quite enough," he replied, looking at me through his eye-glass. "A man can't be allowed to go about the world scattering insinuations like those, of course. I agree with you, Sir Archibald. Much as you may regret it for the family's sake, no other course is now left open to you."

I saw how I had been trapped. I flung myself wildly down. The two doctors lifted me up.

"We'll have a formal examination and get him signed for to-morrow," they said to my father. "Till then, Sir Archibald, be careful what becomes of him!"

At that, I think, I fainted. At any rate, all I know is this. Some minutes later I was aware I was awake in a half-drowsy fashion. I heard Pontifex saying in his snaky voice, "I have watched this case for some years most closely, and seen it coming on. It's an interesting study—a most interesting study. Progressive monomania in a peculiar form. All depends upon suggestion. A casual hint of my own in conversation was enough to give it definite form at first. Since then it has gone on with the usual logicity and the usual ruthlessness of all true monomania."

"That's false," I cried, starting up. "And you, who know the facts, should be ashamed to pervert them. I first observed my abnormal power some months before that conversation with you in Curzon street."

He looked at me chillily.

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"We have only your word for it," he answered, unmoved, "and your mother denies it. For the rest, Yates-Westbury, you'll see whether I'm right or not—in the asylum."

At that word I collapsed again. They took me to my room. In an agony of thought I lay there tossing till morning.

VI.

At the asylum, of course, I had nothing else to do but think over my memories. Alone most of my time—for how could I relish the society of all those mad people?—I began to work out my recollections further back, and to carry them into the lives of my remotest ancestors. Bit by bit they came back. I succeeded to a marvel. Indeed, old memories soon began to crowd in upon me with extraordinary rapidity. I remembered so many early lives simultaneously that past time envisaged itself to me as a wild jumble of jostling personalities. I could hardly distinguish them. Phantasmagorias of the ages crowded wildly into my room. England faded into Rome, and Greece into Egypt. I was a naked Briton once more in Corinthan war-paint, defying Caesar's ships on the shore at Sandwich; I was a prehistoric savage, slaying prehistoric beasts, in forest-clad lands whose very identity I could with difficulty follow out across the mist of centuries. I was a hairy anthropoid fighting hairy rivals by the jungle-clad banks of some tropical stream. I grew to hate myself, so many hateful things seemed part and parcel of me. "Oh, take away this curse," I cried to myself often, "and give me back once more my one civilized identity!"

A few weeks later Pontifex and the other man came to visit me and report. Cruelly as they had treated me, it was yet a relief to me to see anybody at all from the outside world. Pontifex in particular seemed interested in my account of my own condition. I told him this trouble and how the ages hustled me. He listened intently; then he turned to Yates-Westbury. "I told you so," he said grimly. "My hint of the queen-bee! Whatever he fancies is the result of a suggestion."

I fell back in my chair. I felt all was up. They went away and left me. And now I am alone in this hateful place, with a tumultuous sea of surging memories.

THE END.

Next Week—THE ROMANCE OF THE BEAR-CAR, by IZA DIFFUS HARDY.

The Writer Feels Bothered.

As I take up the pen this morning my chief apprehension is this: that I may not be able to make the lesson for the day as plain to you as it is to me. And in so speaking I don't mean to intimate that you are not quite as sharp as I am. Oh, no; nothing of the sort. It's the difficulty of putting an idea into the right words; that's all. And that bothers the brightest men in England every day. Perhaps the best way is to go straight ahead and take the chances. First, however, we will let our good friend, Mrs. Burling, tell her story.

"In March of 1889," she says, "I began to feel weak and ailing. At the outset I was merely tired, heavy and wearied out. I had no appetite for food of any kind, and after eating I had great pain and aching at the chest, and sometimes through to my back, between the shoulder-blades. I was constantly nauseated and retching, but still I was seldom or never actually sick. An offensive gas or wind would often rise into my throat and almost choke me."

"My hands and feet were cold and clammy, and then again I would break out into a profuse perspiration all over my body. Then after a while the trouble seemed to go to my lungs. My breathing became short and quick, and my strength failed so rapidly that I was helpless and obliged to take to my bed. Being greatly alarmed we sent for a doctor, who attended me for two months, during the whole of which time I never left the room. The doctor examined my lungs and said that one of them was nearly gone."

[This might possibly have been the case had the lady been suffering from galloping consumption, but even then the wisdom of telling her of it is open to question. There is one medicine that is never put in a bottle, or wrapped up in a paper. Its name is Hope, and a doctor should be the last man to throw it out of the window.]

"The doctor," continues Mrs. Burling, "re-

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commended the temperature of the room to be kept at 80 degrees, and that I should use a steam kettle to ease my breathing. I now felt in a sinking condition, and none of my friends thought I would ever get better. My nerves were so prostrated and upset that I got but little sleep day or night; and the night sweats were so bad that my linen was often completely saturated. After lingering on in this state for many weeks I took a turn for the better, and was able to leave my room. But I was dreadfully weak and emaciated, and could scarcely crawl about. Even a walk to the garden gate tired me, and nothing gave me any strength.

"While I was dragging miserably along, a neighbor one day told me how much good she had received from the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I answered that I would try it, and sent to Mr. Langman's, the chemist, Haddenham, for a bottle. After taking this medicine for three days, I began to improve. I could eat better and the food caused me no pain. I continued taking the Syrup and in a month's time all the shortness of breath and weakness passed away and I was able to work as before I was taken ill. Since then I have been blessed with good health. Thinking that others who may be suffering as I did, ought to hear how I was cured, I am willing you should publish my statement. (Signed) *Jemima Burling* (wife of Mr. Morris Burling), Hill Row, Haddenham, Ely, November 22, 1894."

On second thoughts I won't try to expound the lesson of this most interesting case; I will let a great English physician do it, who says: "Some people fear they are hopelessly ill with one or another of many organic diseases, when, if they but knew that at the bottom of the whole trouble there lay only bile acids, and other bad products of indigestion or dyspepsia (which are worrying and fretting their nervous mechanism), they would have courage to face the enemy."

There you have it in plain language, and from an authority. The truth is, Mrs. Burling had not lost one of her lungs, nor any part of it. Her lungs were sound and right. The view taken by the doctor was an unfortunate mistake. Her disease was of the digestion only, and the asthma, etc., were results of it, and vanished with it. Another victory for common-sense and Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Tramp—I'd like a drink, but I don't suppose you'd want to change this five-dollar bill. Bar-tender (briskly)—No trouble about change. Here's your medicine, Tramp—Thanks. Ah! That's good whisky. Bar-tender—Eh! Lookee here! This bill is no good! Tramp—Yes; I said you wouldn't want to change it.—*New York Weekly.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND M. SHEPPARD - Editor

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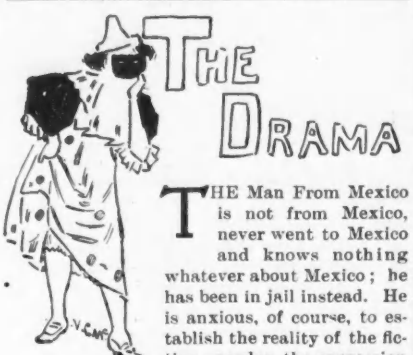
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THE Man From Mexico is not from Mexico, never went to Mexico and knows nothing whatever about Mexico; he is anxious, of course, to establish the reality of the fiction—pardon the expression—and conceal the fact; and in this the play is absolutely realistic, for the greater portion of humanity has some such contract on hand. But he lies about it, which is bad and only permissible if artistic and successful; but the crowning disgrace of all lies in the fact of his detection. Then, of course, he confesses; everybody does so after they have been found out. Confession is the last effort of a fraud to retain his reputation for honesty, and is generally an attempt to ingratiate himself with his accusers by admitting that they told the truth about him. Take the case of a man who has something in his life, not necessarily a crime, that he wishes to conceal, an undesirable piece of information that he wants to keep to himself. Perhaps he is not as rich as he was, but lives as well and dresses as well, better probably, until the crash comes and he has to tell his creditors that he has had no money of his own to live on and has been spending theirs instead. Confession in this case takes the form of an assignment for the benefit of creditors, which is usually much more for the benefit of the assignee; and we are going to pass an insolvency law which will be used to provide a coat of financial white-wash for the honest but unfortunate debtor. I copy these descriptive adjectives from the daily press; they are, I observe, exclusively applicable to debtors. I never heard a creditor described as being either honest or unfortunate, though I have known some who were both.

The reader will probably have some difficulty in finding the connection between the foregoing remarks and Du Souchet's clever play which appeared at the Grand during the early part of this week. I won't blame him if he can't. There isn't any. But after seeing the play you unconsciously adopt a staccato method of thinking, perhaps aptly describable as paralogical soliloquizing. The play is built in chunks; there are, I think, eighteen, or an average of half a dozen to each act, with a sufficiently comical incident in the center of each, so that there is about enough plot for a three-volume novel. There is a husband who wanders, and a wife who demands explanations. There are other catastrophes, but this is enough to furnish trouble for a lifetime, so with these as the leading characters a three-act play is abundantly equipped. Enough has not been written, never will be written, about this unfortunate habit wives have of asking questions. It was this that called into being that tremendous social conundrum, *Is Marriage a Failure*, the discussion of which at one time shook our social structure to its very foundations. I have never seen the foundations of society—at least not so far as I know—but on those rare occasions on which I have been privileged to personally investigate the lower strata thereof, they were undoubtedly exceedingly wobbly.

The Man From Mexico introduces a fine, genial old humpback that we all know and love, the confidential friend who "fixes things" for you. He is the effervescent emissary who volunteers to send word home that you have been detained down town and won't be home till very late, and consequently on your return next day your explanations that you were called away suddenly to Hamilton on business or went to Ottawa to see a lacrosse match, are received with a degree of coolness which, if you are unsophisticated and young, you are quite unable to account for. He invites you to meet a "few first-rate fellows, old boys," and you remember the occasion by the funny feeling in your head and the I. O. U.'s that turn up next day. In any difficulty he undertakes to "help you out," and generally makes it impossible for you to get out at all. There may be sin in life—there must be suffering; but save us from the excessive friendliness of the confidential friend.

Mr. Willie Collier is a first-rate comedian and his support is excellent. Add to this that the piece is well written and abounds in bright, clever things and amusingly novel situations, and you have in *The Man From Mexico* an unusually strong attraction. I am sorry to see in the programmes that Mr. Collier is described as a quaint comedian. I should like to have originated that expression, for it fits him like a glove. But you can't originate an expression nowadays. It's all been done.

The Princess Theater has been crowded to

the doors all week with delighted patrons of *Our Regiment*, an English military comedy which the Cummings people are producing in connection with the Royal Grenadiers. This departure from the ordinary has attracted a good deal of attention and the opening night was a very brilliant military and social event. This enthusiasm over the local militariness of the play, however, waned somewhat during the course of the week, as was only natural, and the warm regard which we all feel for Mr. Cummings and his support re-asserted itself as the prime cause of the crowds at the Princess. But our old friends have all changed places. Mr. Wilson Deal is the central figure this week and proves abundantly capable. His impersonation of the ridiculous old father with an all-conquering contempt for military authority and a wholesome respect for his wife's, is quite the most interesting feature of the play. Messrs. Cummings and Shaw, as the two officers, were hardly as impressive as usual; for although the latter tried hard to appear so, the effort was largely a failure. Mr. Cummings was not quite suited in the character of the heavy, dull, slow-witted English officer, and indeed it is difficult to imagine him at home in any such part. On the other hand, Miss Haynes and Miss Marshall appear to very much better advantage in *Our Regiment* than in anything that has appeared hitherto; Miss Byron, on the other hand, shares, unfortunately, the temporary and partial eclipse that has befallen Mr. Cummings.

A varied succession of plays, such as we have seen at the Princess during the present engagement, is a severe test of the inherent strength of a company. From the foregoing paragraph it might be concluded that *Our Regiment* is inferior in attractiveness to the other plays that have preceded it. It is not. If one can get the Grenadiers out of one's head and consider it purely from a dramatic standpoint, it is as good as any, with the possible exception of *Captain Swift*; and the deserved compliment to the company which I wish to pay lies in the fact that any member of it appears capable of taking important or lesser parts with equal facility and ease. This is a good deal to say, but not too much; and I am satisfied that the company as a whole has gained materially in reputation by the present production.

James O'Neill played to but fair houses at the Grand the latter half of last week. Monte Cristo on Thursday night was played to a small audience; *The Dead Heart* on Friday crowded the galleries and left the pit more than half-empty, while *The Courier of Lyons*, though better patronized than the other pieces, failed to fill the house more than comfortably. Mr. O'Neill is popular in Toronto among a certain class of theater-goers, and his repertoire contains high-class standard plays. The trouble is that only a certain proportion of the total number of theater-goers appreciate good roast beef. The majority hanker for fripperies. In a city the size of Toronto a play, as a general thing, has to please all tastes, or the majority of tastes, to be successful. The few who do possess a liking for wholesome drama are always pleased with Mr. O'Neill. *The Dead Heart* on Friday was given a very good rendering, and the audience, though comparatively small, was very enthusiastic. The chief character, Robert Landry, is eminently suited to Mr. O'Neill's style. Mr. O'Neill excels in depicting strong-willed men, cold and dispassionate, men inspired by some unalterable motive which suffers no opposition. This unconquerable, purposeful style was displayed to best advantage in the duel scene, although it is a feature in nearly all of Mr. O'Neill's acting. The company supporting Mr. O'Neill was very fair, Hallet Thompson as Letour, and Miss Emily Dodd as Catherine Duval, deserving more than this somewhat cool praise. Miss Ashton as Cerisette was also good. Altogether the company deserved the best support the town could give.

When Mr. Bartley Campbell wrote *The White Slave*, which has been revived by the company at the Toronto this week, he evidently started out with the ambition of writing a strong, emotional melodrama. So he began with a labyrinthine death scene, introducing a mournful heroine, with a mystery attached to her birth, who is allowed to weep all through the first act. After this one feels that one is entitled to a little joy for a change, but there is no joy. The second act sells the melancholy young lady and the rest of the woe-begone slaves "down south." In the third act the author attempts a little ghastly humor, but it doesn't last long, and the two darkies who were indulging in it pass on quickly to the mournful business. Presently the rest of the slaves come along and sing *Old Kentucky Home*. Even this pathetic ditty sounds too joyful, for the heroine descends the steps one foot at a time, with a minute pause between, weeping convulsively. The music breaks down and melts into tears. Then the slave-owning villain gives the heroine an opportunity of stepping up to the front, raising her tearful eyes to the top gallery and crying, "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake." The hero comes along. He has previously "lost all" at cards and horse-racing, the "all" including the heroine's freedom papers. He declares what is self-evident, that he is a "poor, weak, stupid fool," and asks to be forgiven. Tears. They escape. Then we are shown the cabin of a very peculiar steamboat, and presently the two come up from the lower deck. While they are looking around, Lacy, the slave-owner, comes aboard and the heroine actually tells a bare-faced lie. This is an awfully strong thing in a melodrama and shows how ambitious Mr. Campbell must have been. The boat blows up at this juncture, apparently in horror at the thought of a heroine telling a falsehood, but it provides the couple with a raft for their exclusive use. Then comes *The Dismal Swamp* on Red Devil Island. Though "dismal swamp" would describe the tearful play as a whole to a nicety, it scarcely applies to this island, which is provided with rocks and is apparently as dry as a chip. Tears. Starvation stares them in the face. The hero goes off to look for game. Considering his ill-luck on former occasions one would have supposed he knew enough to let gaming alone, especially on a desolate island. But the gambling fever is in him.

Presently they are discovered from a steam-

boat. Tears. All is lost. Here the author gets in what he considers the strongest part in the play. The heroine gives a knife to her lover, gets down on her knees, bares her breast and implores: "My love, to give me liberty." This the gentleman, though anxious to oblige, cannot see his way to doing, though he struggles with himself to make an attempt, and Lacy and his minions come dashing on and capture the joyous outfit. In the sixth, and "happily the last act, the octoon foster-mother partially breaks an oath, the keeping of which has been causing the trouble all this time, and explains that Lisa, the heroine, is a "free-born white woman." P. Henry Stinch, who, until this moment, has been taking up a great deal of room but has not been of the slightest assistance to the plot, here produces a paper which proves everything, and might have proved everything before all the fuss began. The villain is then escorted outside, charged with murder. All is supposed to be happy now. But it's not. The heroine weeps because all is "so changed." The hero will never be happy with that woman. She's too funeral to make a good wife. She can weep more to the square inch in a day than the total rainfall of the Mississippi valley would aggregate in a season. The piece as it stands is exceedingly crude. The climaxes are misplaced. It is two acts too long, and the waits between are too long. The long, mournful dialogues should be cut, and somebody should go over the work with a sponge and a bucket and sop up a pall or two of the bitter, scalding tears that threaten to swamp the show. Then if the plot were freed from the incumbrances which hinder and shadow it, and the useless characters relegated to the background or dispensed with, it's my opinion the piece would be away superior to the average popular melodrama. But above all, stop the leak in that heroine.

An event of unusual interest is the first appearance in this city of the Broadway Theater New York Opera Company of seventy-five artists and the first presentation of a new comic opera by De Koven and Smith, on Monday evening next at the Grand Opera House, for an engagement of one week, with Saturday matinee. The title immediately recalls to mind the post-road, with its lumbering stage-coach and its carload of powdered beauties, the cowardly serving-men, the perked gallants and the masked knight of the road, handy with his pistol, robbing the men with the same grace and ease that he soothes the tears of the frightened dames. The scenic artist and the costumer can prove very effective with the opportunities offered for picturesque display, and it is promised that the stage settings will be elaborate, while the atmosphere of the time shall be accurately reproduced. The Broadway Theater New York Opera Company includes Joseph O'Mara, who is much esteemed as a dramatic and lyric tenor, Miss Hilda Clark and Mr. Jerome Sykes, Mr. Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Miss Maud Williams, Miss Nellie Braggins, Mr. George O'Donnell and Mr. Reginald Roberts. Those who are in a position to judge confidently claim that *The Highwayman* will prove Messrs. De Koven and Smith's best work. The advance sale of seats has been very large and a succession of full houses is anticipated.

Anthony Hope is better known here through his novel and play, *A Prisoner of Zenda*, than through any of his other works. He will draw a large audience to his lecture and readings in Massey Music Hall on Monday week, for probably no contemporary author, save Kipling, has a stronger hold on his readers than Anthony Hope.

Dr. Nansen, the famous explorer, will lecture in Massey Music Hall to-night, and here, as elsewhere, will be quite the social lion. This man, with his wonderful energy, physical and mental, is a fine type, and his own story of his own adventures should make an enthralling lecture.

A concert for the benefit of Bathurst street Methodist church will be given in that church on Monday evening next by the choir of Jarvis street Baptist church, under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt. The choir will have the valuable assistance of the popular elocutionist, Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser.

Foremost amongst coming musical attractions next month is the concert of the "Varsity Glee Club," of which Herr Rudolph Ruth is the conductor. Miss Marguerite Hall of New York and Miss Bessie Bonsall will sing the leading numbers. The date is December 14.

May Irwin, of whom Toronto people have heard and read so much during the past two or three New York seasons, is at the Grand for the last half of the week and is offering the local public some new amusements.

A Guilty Mother, described as a new English emotional play, under the personal direction of Mr. James H. Wallick, is billed for next week at the Toronto Opera House.

One of the attractions of the week is the Chrysanthemum Show at the Horticultural Pavilion, open afternoon and evening, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Much interest is taken in the coming visit of the great Danish pianist, August Hylsted, who gives a recital here on November 24.

Mr. Fred Perrin's annual concert takes place next Tuesday evening in West Y.M.C.A. Hall.



The quality of football shown in last Saturday's game (Osgoode 6, Hamilton 2) was decidedly inferior, and not at all what one would expect in the finals, more especially having regard to the fact that both teams have been practicing steadily for two months, and have had little difficulty in defeating their opponents in the O. R. F. U. ties. From the form Hamilton displayed against T. A. C. Lornes, "Varsity" and Osgoode, in both scheduled and practice games, they appeared to have every chance of an easy victory, and their playing last Saturday showed a decided falling off, both in physical condition and ability to play scientific football. This is partly owing to the absence of Ripley and Quinn, and the poor condition of McAuliffe, which weakened the forward line, but chiefly due to over-confidence and lack of counsel, which led them to under-estimate Osgoode's strength and produced a carelessness and indifference in general team play in the first half. They braced up in the second half, but owing to the strong wind were unable to score. The Osgoode management deserve credit for producing such a strong team out of the comparative limited material at their command. The forward line is heavy and powerful, the scrimmage and inside wings being the best in the Ontario Union. The back division, though capable of putting up a strong defence, are lamentably weak in offensive tactics, as last week's score shows, nearly every point being scored on penalty kicks when the ball was well in Hamilton's territory. McMurrick did not appear disposed to trust his half-backs with the ball. Had he passed back in the second half, and Kingstone punted high, the wind would have scored quite a few points for Osgoode. C. Kingstone used great judgment in nailing Fox, but punted execrably, several of his kicks (and free kicks at that) being blocked by the opposing wings. Parmenter would be a better man for center-half, as a good kicker is absolutely essential in that position. The other Osgoode halves had little to do, as the ball was kept down during the entire game, being advanced by the quarter for short gains through the line. But for the penalty kicks, of which there were an unconscionable number, the ball would have been seldom seen above the heads of the players. The Hamilton back division did poorly, Wylie being the only man who played consistently. Osgoode showed they were very slow scorers, and if Fox is able to get the ball back to his halves to-day, and they punt in their usual effective manner, I do not see how the black and white can possibly make much of a score. On the other hand, if Hamilton is in the same condition and play the same men (including Counsel) that defeated T.A.C. Lornes, they should have no difficulty in winning the game by sufficient points to land the championship.

In the football news in Wednesday's *Globe* I find two expressions of opinion directly contradictory. Here is one: "A well posted footballer, not a player or a referee, who has seen the clubs in Quebec and Ontario play, says that neither Hamilton nor Osgoode would stand any show with either the Ottawa clubs or Montreal." The other opinion is from Mr. W. H. Bunting, who umpired the McGill-Montreal match last Saturday, and he states that he believes that either Osgoode or Hamilton can beat any team in the Quebec Union. Mr. Bunting is a master of the game and his opinion is entitled to much weight. As he points out, however, something will have to drop in the East or the season will not be over until next spring.

People interested in Rugby have been congregating about the windows of the Massey-Harris bicycle show-rooms in Yonge street of late. "Bonny" Glasco has filled the window with Rugby trophies, signs and tokens. He has there a tiger skin with great head and distended jaws, representing the Tigers of Hamilton; also a little white lamb which, when "tackled" around the neck and its head pressed down, emits a pitiful bleat. This represents the late T.A.C. Lornes. There has also been added a wolf's head and pelt, representing Osgoode. The other day while Mr. Glasco was absent someone entered and tied crapes to the lamb's neck. In the Massey-Harris window are also displayed the O.R.F.U. senior, intermediate, and junior championship cups, and the Mulock cup and two faculty cups played for in the University series. The intermediate and junior championship cups belong this year to "Varsity," and the Tiger and the Wolf will fight to-day for the senior trophy.

In the City Association League a very interesting game was played last Saturday between the Scots and Parkdale. The Scots, although picked as the favorites, were superior only in the fact that they got one goal more than their opponents. The game was fast, and the combination of the forward division on both sides partook at times of the phenomenal. At half

time the score was one all and the play very much in the Parkdallians' favor, the goal scored against them being put through by their own goalkeeper in a fluke. In the second half a corner was headed through the Parkdallians' goal, and although the Scots' citadel was hard pressed their defence, by some magnificent play, managed to keep the slate clear, the match eventually going to the Scotchmen by the score of 2 to 1. The other game between Gore Vale and Y. M. C. A. was more of a makeshift than a league match. The Gore Vales turned up with little more than half their team, and in order to keep their engagement got their full complement by picking up some players on the field. The game that resulted was somewhat off color, and ended in the score of 7 to 0 in favor of the Y. M. C. A.'s.

In the Intercollegiate League the two districts have finally selected their champions. In Section B the two medical teams, although their defection in the game between themselves has been condoned by the League and the colleges reinstated, have not proceeded with the schedule, and the Dentals, having beaten Osgoode, thus acquire the section championship. "Varsity" in Section A has had only one hard game in the series, that with Victoria, and goes into the finals easy winners. As was predicted at a meeting of the executive of the League last Monday evening, the final match between "Varsity" and the Dentals was arranged for Wednesday or Thursday of next week, and a committee was struck for placing an Intercollegiate team in the field against the City League's representatives.

Bowling is becoming exceedingly popular in Toronto, and it is safe to say there will be more bowling this winter than has ever been done in the city before. The Toronto Bowling League has been formed with seven teams, and a schedule of games has been drawn up. The clubs entering teams are: Atheneum Club, Wm. Hayes, captain; Bankers', A. Creelman, Imperial Bank, captain; Governor-General's Body Guards, John Trebilcock, captain; Insurance Companies, A. L. Johnston, captain; Liederkrantz Club, J. J. Zock, captain; Queen's Own Rifles, W. H. Meadows, captain, and Royal Grenadiers, captained by W. Edmondson. The schedule of games, beginning with November 1, concludes with March 29, each team playing a match once every week.

In a match with Liederkrantz last Monday, A. "Archer" (an assumed name) broke all previous records made in this city. His score for three games stood 867. When a man misses but 33 pins out of 900, it may be put down as a phenomenal performance. It beats Percy Jennings' (Q. O. R.) record made last year by 20. T. W. Jones of the British America Insurance Company made 799 in a match with Atheneum last week. The average score of the Atheneum team in the Liederkrantz match was 743. It should be understood, however, that the alleys on which these splendid scores were made are four inches narrower than those used in the United States and elsewhere.

F. O. Myers of Kingston has ridden over one hundred centuries this season. He has ridden two centuries in a day several times, once in twelve hours and twenty-nine minutes, unpaced. This is said to be the unpaced road record for the two hundred miles. He has beaten Gimbert's record for the one hundred miles, having done the century in five hours and twenty-two minutes. He has done twelve centuries in eight days, four being double centuries. Myers is certainly the best long-distance road-rider in Canada. It is his intention to go after John Smith's and J. J. Wright's twenty-four-hour road record of 261½ miles.

Hockey and curling clubs are re-organizing all over the country. Hockey will be more popular than ever this winter. THE UMPIRE.

The Klondike.

Harper's Weekly.

Wrapped in a robe of everlasting snow,
Where icy blasts eternal revel hold,
Where gaunt pines shiver in the piercing cold,
Where mellow summer noontides never glow,
And sleety crags no spring-time ever know—
Thus, like a miser, in his freezing fold,
The Arctic King has gathered heaps of gold
To lead deluded wanderers unto woe.
So in his radiant diamond palace there,
Amid white splendors of his thousand thrones,
Where keen auroras glitter, blaze, and glare,
And like a Wandering Jew the wild wind moans;
He smiles at wretches in their last despair,
Who dig for gold among their comrades' bones.

About my home I see the spring-time bloom,
The sheaves of summer or the autumn fruit;
To make me glad, the robin lends its lute,
The lilacs blossom, lilacs breathe perfume,
The red leaves flutter, golden asters loom
Around me; tones of loved ones, never mute,
Are sweeter than the viol or the flute
Through June-time gladness or December gloom.
The daffodils their golden treasures pour
By lapsful to my children as they play;
The vines, with clustered rubies at my door,
Gladden my good wife through the living day;
So in this humble nest my wealth is more
Than all the gold and silver dug from clay.

WALTER MALONE.

France's Threats.

London Globe.

The threatening semi-official note from France regarding affairs on the Niger may mean nothing, but—but—
But if your words are more than wanton play,
And you would care to meet the old Sea-rover,
Name any course from Delagoa Bay
To Dover.

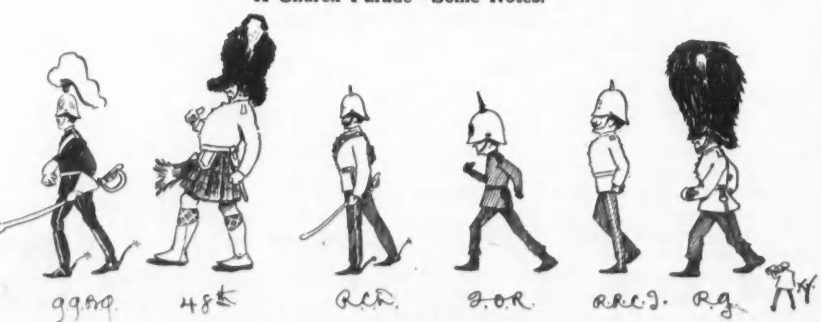
She—What are those missing links we hear so much about? He—Oh, they were some gold links that were located in a certain Western town before the cyclone struck it.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Jackson has an advertisement in this paper which reads: 'Come back, and I'll be good.' " "Has his wife left him?" "No; it's the cook."—*Chicago Record*.

Caller—In yesterday's paper you said Miss Footlight was one of the most beautiful women on the stage. Why didn't you print her picture? Editor—We never take back what we say.—*Puck*.

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I'm knowing to the tricks of your trade; do you think I have lived in boarding-houses twenty years for nothing? Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.—*Detroit Journal*.

A Church Parade—Some Notes.



The Oldest Californian Mission.

By S. M. Kennedy.



Native Indians of California.

THE early history of California is the history of its old missions, and the tale of what the old Spanish padres accomplished is the story of the early development of that great State, from which such vast wealth has been obtained. It is true that long before any missions were established, more than one party of adventurous spirits journeyed up along the Pacific coast from Mexico, but their object was one of exploration, and at the same time, while spying out the land, they invariably kept one eye open for any treasure that might be discovered of a portable nature. But mingled with the ever present desire for conquest, which followed the marvelous tales told by adventurers, was an apostolic fervor for the rescue of Indian souls, and so wherever the armed forces of Spain reached out for more territory on the new continent, priests went with them to establish missions. California was a beckoning goal to both soldier and monk. New fields of fame, new lands to add to the Spanish Empire, and the lust for gold, lured on the one. For the

The Indians living in this region at that time belonged to the lowest scale of humanity. In body they resembled the bushman of Australia, and in features they were not unlike the African, with their flat noses, thick lips and dark skins. Between them and the savages of the Atlantic seaboard was an intellectual gulf as wide as the continent. They had various tribal names, but were all Digger Indians who, before the missionaries came, ate locusts, snakes and vermin, lived in holes or the rudest of huts made of boughs and reeds, and encased themselves in mud when the weather grew too cool for nakedness. These dull creatures touched so low a point of human intelligence that the vocabulary of some of them consisted only of about half a dozen words representing water, wood, fire, snake, etc. The more intelligent had from forty to sixty words, but they had nothing to represent such things as honor, will, friend, shame, love, beauty, danger, rich, poor, nor any other word representing an abstract idea. And as they lacked words, they of course lacked corresponding thoughts and conceptions. In short, these aborigines merely existed as do animals—to fill their bellies, rear their young, and avoid danger. Nowhere was there more unpromising material for missionaries, yet in no place were missions established on a grander scale. It was no wonder that progress was slow and the work at times disheartening. Converts were tardy in coming into the fold. It was a year before a single neophyte came to the baptismal font, or rather, before one was brought there with an honest purpose. Once the soul of Father Serra was cheered with the sight of an Indian child offered by its parents for holy baptism. The priest wrapped the convert in purple and fine linen, filled the sacred vessel with holy water, summoned the corporal of the guard for godfather, and was about to lay the infant upon the bosom of the mother church, when its impious parents, tempted by the devil, snatched it away, not forgetting the mantle of cloth withal, and vanished from the church. The good padre restrained his soldiers, who would have shot the shameless mockers, and hastened to prayer and fasting, that he might purge himself of the sin which must have wrought the dire catastrophe. The weary days dragged along and Father Serra and his brother monks were harassed by the Indians on one hand, and on

inch of it, and drives out all competitors.

On a slight elevation in the distance we now see the ruins of the old mission, and we gradually approach them through vineyards and lemon, orange and olive groves. When the monks removed to this place they built, before long, several buildings, including a church of considerable size. On November 4, 1775, eleven souls gathered within the mission for vespers, but outside, on the surrounding hills, eight hundred Yuma Indians were awaiting a signal for attack. About midnight the war-whoop was sounded, and with flaming torches the Indians rushed upon the buildings, setting them on fire. Then followed a fierce battle with desperate odds against the mission people, but by what seemed a miracle the Indians were defeated and driven off. The cause of this attack was traced to two apostate converts, who, going from that domicile among the Indians, had stirred rebellious blood, tempted native cupidity, and played upon the common fear that the padres would soon possess the land. But out of the ruins, phoenix-like, soon arose another edifice, better and more important than its predecessor. The walls of the new mission were thick, made of adobe, and plastered. The entrances were made for defence as well as ingress, and the small windows answered for port-holes. There was something decidedly striking in its appearance. The main facade was of the Spanish or Moorish type, with a tower containing five belfries. Within was a spacious chapel, a refectory and a kitchen. The buildings made two sides of a quadrangle, the figure being completed by a wall, beyond which was the abatis of cacti for defence against the naked savages.

(To be concluded next week.)

Our Washington Letter.

THE United States people are only content when something is going on. When that something is an election they are in the seventh heaven of delight. Washington is a voracious city; not even in municipal affairs have the citizens a voice, so that in the heart of the most democratic country in the world is an instance of an absolutely paternal rule. But the inhabitants usually vote in their home States, and a large part of the official population of the city have been scattered through the eleven States holding important elections, more especially in Maryland and Ohio.

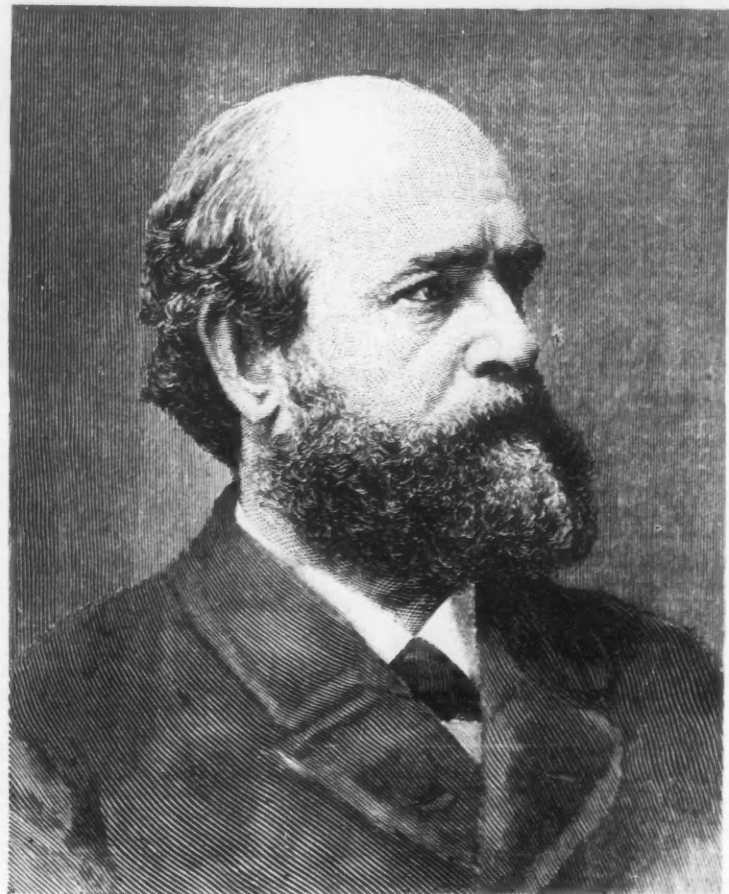
On Tuesday evening, Nov. 2, the various newspapers made the usual provision with stereopticon, megaphone and cartoon, to provide the populace with the political news as it was received by wire. The casual visitor to Washington who mingled with the surging throng that crowded from curb to curb that broadest of broad avenues, Pennsylvania avenue, would have concluded that the National Capital was a very hot-bed of democracy. Every Democratic victory was hailed with delight, while Republican successes were received in silence. In the north, however, it is the Democratic party that makes all the noise. In the south it is the Republican.

The most cursory knowledge of the history of the political parties of the United States indicates that the division is based on that inexplicable separation of all mankind into two classes, independent of estate, such as in my student days made "inside" or "outside" of every student of University College, and such as the golden-haired temptress of the late "Theron Ware" described to him as the difference between the "Greek" and the "Jew." It is a certain common point of view, independent of the various political questions at issue which bring in the stragglers, that makes the party. Well do I remember the hilarity in "residence" when "Knox" on one occasion was convinced, by the introduction of a side issue, that she should vote "inside." And how the "outsiders" crowded when the medical vote was drawn from its old-time allegiance. It is the general way of looking at things, and not the important political issues, that holds the parties together.

A run up to New York gave me the opportunity on Saturday, October 30, of hearing Sembrich at her reappearance in New York in the Metropolitan Opera House. Toronto people know the capacity of the Metropolitan. It was filled with an audience that evinced huge delight at a treat which has been the topic in musical circles in New York for some time past. Bispham opened the concert and sang splendidly. He was cordially received, but on his return from making his third polite negative he met his accompanist coming toward him with music. The audience was convulsed with laughter, the evident good nature of which, however, reassured Bispham. Sembrich appeared in a gown of (I am told) Circée and black jet lace, making, to the masculine eye, a very charming picture against the black coats of Sig. Beviniani's orchestra. Her first number was Verdi's Aria (Traviata). During the first movement the audience seemed spell-bound and at its finish gave her a rousing clap. When she had finished, however, and had taken the E flat in alt. in place of the score, she was given a splendid ovation. The air fluttered with handkerchiefs, there were many cries of Bravo, and one little lady near me rendered a pair of gloves absolutely unfit for further use. I have never heard the Aria given as Sembrich gave it; her voice is sweet and full, and even with her softest notes she entirely filled the large house. Her execution is simply wonderful, every tone in her throat is perfect even in her fastest runs; indeed, it was a pleasure to hear her take a run. She was, of course, repeatedly called back and was very kind in regard to encores, singing, besides the five numbers on the programme, five additional songs. As a last encore she sang Home, Sweet Home; the effect was lovely to Patti's best.

Lavin sang Lend Me Your Aid, (Gounod), but gave one the impression of singing with more voice than he had. He was well received but would, I think, have scored higher had he sung I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby or some love-song of its class. Hear Sembrich if you can. She is a splendid singer, is a perfect artist, and possesses no small measure of dramatic force.

Washington has been enjoying this week, at the Lafayette, A Coat of Many Colors. The critics told us all about it, where this was taken from, what that reminded of, but we went and



THE LATE HENRY GEORGE.

—forgot the critics. The movement, in which the bachelor is converted into the Benedict, introduces situations as funny as anything in Charley's Aunt or Too Much Johnson, which are to me the funniest things on the stage. Herbert Kelcey, as Herman Walboys, carries the secret of his wife's parentage as well as the troubles of his younger brother, and is drawn into so many compromising situations that he falls from his high estate as an irreproachable Joseph. The audience, holding the key to the situation, is unrestrained in its mirth, but the tangle is soon straightened out. Kelcey is a good actor. He made it possible to follow clearly the changes in his views of matrimony. Miss Effie Shannon had a scarcely less difficult part, but looked and acted it well. W. J. Le Moynes, as Walboys, sr., supplied no small amount of the merriment. Washington has evinced its appreciation of Mr. Albaugh's good judgment in securing A Coat of Many Colors by giving the Lafayette good houses during the entire engagement.

Maude Adams, in The Little Minister, is adding to her popularity at the Empire, New York.

R. H. J.

Washington, Nov. 8, 1897.

To a Pen.

For Saturday Night.

Write to the young and strong
That Truth's cause now doth call them.
And they who fight in God's own name—
No harm shall e'er befall them.

Write to the warriors stern,
Grown weary of contending,
Though many a desperate charge remain,
Yet error hath an ending.

And to the hoary chiefs,
Who've borne the battle's burden,
Write that in this great war we wage
Their scars are their best guardon.

But over those who fell,
Too frail for such endeavor,
Write humbly: "These were overcome,
But, mayhap, not forever."

JAS. A. TUCKER.

A Good Day to be Hanged On.

A MAN named David O'Halloran was once on trial for his life in the State of Ohio, the charge being the killing of a companion, one David Marks, in a drunken broil.

"Guilty, or not guilty?" enquired the Judge, who was one of the ablest and most astute men of his day, albeit a man renowned for his leniency and mercy.

"Shure, an' how could Oi tell a loi to yer Honor on an occasion loike this?" solemnly rejoined David, who had been taken red-handed in the act. "Not guilty."

The Judge coughed, as being hardly prepared for this extent of veracity, and David, who was unrepresented by counsel, took advantage of the opportunity to add: "Faith, an' if it was yer Honor's own self, yer couldn't say more!"

The logic of this assertion was not to be questioned, and the trial had to be gone on with.

David, who combined a good deal of Scotch caution with a rather more than liberal supply of Irish quickness of wit, made a gallant fight for his life against the overwhelming odds of the State. He contested every fact that the prosecution sought to establish, no matter how glaringly obvious it might be, and all the while kept up a running fire of comments that could not but distract the minds of the jury, while at the same time they tended not a little to enlist their sympathies on his behalf.

"Do you deny your own name?" finally demanded the prosecuting attorney, in a state of exasperation well-nigh beyond words.

"God save yer dear soul!" replied David cautiously. "If Oi find me guilty or not before Oi answer that question."

This so struck the Judge that he could not refrain from asking the prisoner what he would do if by any chance the jury discharged him.

"By the blissid Virgin," cried David fervently, "Oi swear to yer Honor on my word as a Christian an' a gentileman, Oi'd niver, niver do it again!"

"Do what again?" cried the wrathful prosecutor triumphantly.

"Be a decent, innocent, law-abidin' citizen fer black-hearted murderers loike yerself to

persecute," retorted David, with an air of resignation and piety that would have done credit to a saint.

"Heavens, man!" ejaculated the prosecutor, "what would Thomas Marks say if he were here to hear you?"

"Faith," observed David, gazing carefully around at the back of the court-room, "for anything Oi know he may be here now. Oi did think Oi caught sight of his handsome face just this morn' or so."

But in spite of all his twisting and pleading, the inevitable verdict of "Guilty!" was soon reached, the jury, however, adding a very strong recommendation for mercy, "on account of the prisoner's previous good conduct and general reputation," which, by the by, was sufficiently well known to most of them to have hung him twice over. But human nature is human nature, and with all his faults David O'Halloran, when he left liquor alone (which was not very often) was as kind-hearted a man as you would wish to meet with anywhere.

"Ah, gentileman, gentileman," sighed David when the verdict was announced, "if you'd only found me not guilty, with a very strong recommendation to the penitentiary, Oi'd have thought more of ye!"

The Judge, in passing sentence on the prisoner, spoke most strongly of the terrible results springing from intoxication, and the habitual yielding to the evilness of one's passions.

"Faith, an' ef that poor dhivil, Marks, were only here to listen to yer Honor," interrupted the prisoner, with a sigh that would have melted the heart of an infidel, "it's a different loife he might have led entoiely, an' saved me from all this unplisintness!"

"Prisoner," continued the Judge sternly, "reflect, I pray you, upon the terrible result of your one act of crime and violence. Consider your past, meditate upon your future. Remember what you were, and what you are now. Let not my words fall lightly on your heart—"

"Oh, yer Honor, yer Honor," sobbed David, with a most flattering outburst of emotion, "it's a new man you'll soon be makin' of me if you don't stop this business in toime, an' me worst inimy can't denoi it."

"Possibly not," replied the Judge drily, abandoning any further attempt to impress such a prisoner. "In any event, I must sentence you to death on the 30th September next, and—"

"Oh, yer Honor," cried David piteously, "not that day! It's a Friday, and yer wouldn't fer the dear loife of you have an immortal soul turn over a new leaf on such an unlucky day? Say Saturday, the 31st, loike the kind gentileman that you are."

The entreaty was evidently so sincere that the kind-hearted Judge at once granted it, and David O'Halloran was formally sentenced to be taken thence to the county jail, etc., etc., and on Saturday, the 31st of September, 1897, to be duly hanged by the neck until he was dead.

By the time it was discovered there was no 31st of September, 1897—or any other 7, for the matter of that—things had got so terribly mixed up that it was deemed expedient by all parties to commute the prisoner's death sentence to one of imprisonment for life. Nine years later David O'Halloran was once more a free man, to employ his wit and shrewdness to some better purpose—though possibly not more important to himself—than saving his own neck.

H. C. B.

A Maiden's Dream.

IT was night. She stood upon a high and rocky crag alone; beneath her stretched the wild and angry sea, and as she gazed upon the dark and stormy waters her eyes, by some unforeseen magnetic influence, were attracted to a bright and beautiful star above, which seemed to out rival all the other stars in the glorious radiance of its lustre. The maiden stretched out her arms toward the star and cried: "O Vasere, thou star of my soul, let thy spirit be near unto mine this night; let the brightness of thy silver soul reflect itself upon this sad and troubled one of mine. Tell me, thou dear one, why is this life so sad? Oh that our hearts might be united by that bond of Love Divine before our spirits meet again in the great Bosom of Eternity. But why—why tremblest thou so?"

But even as she spoke the star shot down and vanished into space. The soul had returned to its maker. Then the maiden turned away and wept bitterly, and all was darkness. Toronto, 1897.

M.



San Diego Mission, Founded 1769.

other there were races awaiting the gospel message, and proselytes to be gained for the Holy See. And for both a fairer climate than Spain, or even Italy, could give them. A sky remarkable for its transparency and deep, azure-blue color, with an air peculiarly clear, warm and dry. A land where roses bloomed throughout the winter, and a soil which, as they soon discovered, would grow almost anything.

Four miles from the present city of San Diego is Old San Diego, or, as it is now called, Old Town; and as we drive in that direction, the road we follow skirts along the shore of one of the most beautiful land-locked harbors in the world. Its length is thirteen miles, and it averages between one and two miles in width. Opposite to us is the Coronado peninsula, whose graceful sweep forms the south and west shores of the bay. The northern shore is formed by Point Loma, a bold and picturesque promontory which runs clear out into the blue waters of the Pacific for a distance of ten miles. Into this harbor, on July 1, 1769, there sailed a vessel having on board Junipero Serra, a monk of the Franciscan order, the founder of the mission at San Diego, the parent mission, from which all future ones in the State were destined to emanate.

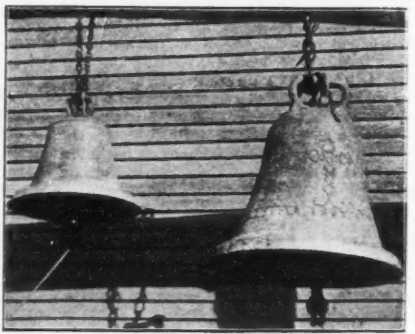
What a squalid, dilapidated place is Old Town to-day! Its importance is long since a thing of the past; its glory has departed, and nothing is left but an atmosphere of historic interest, well saturated with tales of romantic adventure, brave struggles and heroic self-sacrifice. As we wander around within its limited confines we see only the ruins of some of the first buildings erected here by the Spanish. Nothing now remains to mark the locations of the earliest adobe structures except unidentified heaps of caked soil. And yet on this spot, just seven years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, at a time when Ohio was considered the Far West and nothing was known of the territory beyond the Mississippi, there was dedicated the first Californian church, and the onward march of civilization began to spread north and east from this place. We well know that civilization did not progress without considerable difficulties and interruptions, and for a long time the church had to be surrounded by a palisade, and while the padres held mass or vespers the guards kept watch lest a foe should steal upon them unawares.

But within the primitive structure which served the priestly offices of Father Serra, some of the pomp and glory of the Roman church found its way. The Holy See did not intend that its missionaries should be less than ambassadors

of a power that depended much upon the magnificence of its setting for its prestige over heathen minds. So, among the articles of churchly vessel and display landed from the mission vessel were seven church bells, eleven small altar bells, twenty-three altar cloths, nineteen full sets of sacred vestments, seventeen white tunics, ten amices, ten palliums, twelve girdles, eighteen altar linens, eleven pictures of the Virgin, thirteen silver chalices, twenty-nine metal candlesticks, and a long continued list of silver ornaments, stands, laces, silks and linens. With the church equipment came military supplies, including bronze cannon, various staple provisions, and harvest seeds.

the other importuned by the military governor to withdraw and return to Mexico. But like heroes they stuck to their posts, and would neither be persuaded nor driven to retreat.

For various reasons the mission was transferred in 1774 to a spot six miles from Old Town, in what is now known as Mission Valley. We are not reluctant to leave Old Town, so we cheerfully turn our horses' heads to the west and commence our drive through this very picturesque vale, to the head of which the mission was finally removed. As we roll along over a good road we cannot help contrasting the things that were with the things that are. The valley is about one mile in width,



The Old Mission Bells of Old San Diego.

and its green-covered sides rise almost perpendicularly to a height varying from three hundred to five hundred feet. Through its center flows the San Diego River, meandering in and out in a zigzag fashion. We say flows, but we must qualify that statement, for it only flows during the winter or rainy season. Like most other streams in this part of the country, it runs upside down during the summer and autumn months, its bed being perfectly dry. But ten feet below the surface there is an abundance of good water. On either side of the river we see some fine ranches and a great many small farms, remarkable for their neatness and high state of cultivation. Looking



Mission Valley, San Diego, Cal.

down on the valley from the cliffs above the scene is so orderly, well arranged and apparently level that it has the appearance of being a great checker-board. But what a change is here! This quiet, peaceful vale of to-day, where once roamed bands of naked Indians; this spot, where the Spanish padres tilled the virgin soil and were succeeded by more progressive American ranchers, is now almost entirely given up to that almost-eyed Oriental, John Chinaman, for it is he who works those small, green-looking, well kept farms. From sunrise to sunset, Sunday and Saturday, here he labors, raising vegetables and small fruits, and strictly minding his own business. He rents his few acres of ground, cultivates every

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Aug. Victoria	Dec. 11	Dec. 19	Dec. 22	Dec. 23
Emis	Dec. 18	Dec. 27	Dec. 30	Dec. 31
K. Wilhelm II.	Dec. 20	Jan. 5	Jan. 11	Jan. 12
Normannia	Jan. 4	Jan. 12	Jan. 16	Jan. 17
Fulda	Jan. 8	Jan. 17	Jan. 20	Jan. 21
Werra	Jan. 15	Jan. 24	Jan. 27	Jan. 28
Furst Bismarck	Jan. 22	Jan. 30	Feb. 2	Feb. 3
K. Wilhelm II.	Feb. 5	Feb. 14	Feb. 17	Feb. 18
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Anecdotal.

Judge Hawkins once had to sentence an old swindler, and he gave him seven years. The man in the dock squirmed and whined: "Oh, my lord, I'll never live half the time." Hawkins took another look at him and answered: "I don't think it is at all desirable that you should."

A little coincidence in names, interesting to Canadians, came under my notice the other day in reading Her Majesty's volume of Memoirs of the Prince Consort. Just about the time when the Queen accepted the suit of the Prince she one day inspected some troops, accompanied by her future Consort. By her side rode one Sir John Macdonald, and the troops were commanded by one Sir George Brown.

Mr. Anthony Hope, who will lecture in Toronto on Monday week, once coached undergraduates, and from the age of fifteen is said to have practically supported himself by his scholarships. In regard to his call to the Bar, Mr. Hope once told an English interviewer that his first "case" was at Aylesbury, where the judge commissioned him to defend some ruffians who were indicted for a murderous assault on a policeman. "They were all convicted," he says cheerfully; "and very properly so."

Henry George was traveling once on a sleeping-car. The porter came to brush the dust off him and "work" him for the customary quarter. There were but few passengers. George reflected on the fact that Pullman paid his poor black hirelings little or naught, and relied on their ability to brush and rouge the public instead, and determined to give him all the change he found in his pocket. He thought there might be about sixty cents, but there actually was three dollars in quarters, halves and dimes. He gave it all to the darky, who dropped his broom and stared at the tip and then at George. "This all for me, boss?" he gasped. "It's all for you," replied George. The darky looked at the little, rusty, modest man and again at his handful of silver. "Wow!" he ejaculated, "it's true as the good book puts it, you never can tell how far a toad kin jump twell you sees him hop."

Lady Gay in New York.

A SUNNY room, full of the odor of roses, bought at an hour, as the French say, *tres matinal*, down in Fourteenth street, from a tiny Jew boy, (all one can carry for ten cents); full also of the strains of music, for an orchestra is playing exquisite snatches in a great building near by, softened almost in harmony with the low roar of the traffic of what we know since a few weeks ago as "Greater New York." It is hard to tell what to talk about, in all the teeming interests of the great place. There has been an hour of pure amusement and interest while one listened to Anthony Hope as he read snatches from his charming books; close by looms a greater and stronger personality, that of Nansen, the intrepid, gloriously egotistic Arctic hero. These two men jostle elbows in my mind, and are mixed up with curious impressions of Henry George's calm, smiling, cold face as he lay smothered in flowers and deaf to all the excited cries of election time, a man whose mission killed him, and of whom the people were emphatically not worthy.

The Tammany men have talked to me a good deal about the weak spots in the Reformers' armor, and one sees the sense of their remarks after the campaign has proved it, and regards the striped animal, so brutal and so merciless, with ameliorated aversion. The Tammany

Over the Tea-Cups.
Pick-Me-Up.

"So the dear Bishop has taken to bicycling?"
 "Yes; they call him the sermon on the mount."

tiger roared, gnashed and snarled on Monday, and growled deep on Tuesday; to-day he sits purring in the sunshine, licking his great chops, and closing his cruel yellow eyes in ineffable good nature, so that a child could play with him. All the crazy, frantic, bellowing, seething and idiotic mass of humanity which raised bedlam over the issue of Tuesday, has simmered down into sleep; those who didn't belong to the W. C. T. U. have recovered from their potations; those who won bets are treating their friends to fizz and their wives to diamonds; those who lost are bluffing, pretending that they don't mind, or cursing the chance that wrecked them; those elected candidates are having a busy time.

The thing which I heard oftenest about Seth Low, the college principal who was defeated in the candidature, was told with an emphasis of protest vastly amusing. "He don't allow anyone to speak to him!" and the explanation followed: "His secretary interviews everyone, and Low sitting right in the room; and then the secretary tells Low what they say, and Low tells the secretary what to answer. Did you ever!" It seemed exasperatingly exasperating to the voters of Greater New York that any man born of woman should deny them the right to say to him directly what they would.

To-day I have seen a Klondike nugget worth six hundred dollars, borrowed by a miner from his friend from Klondike, "just to show Lady Gay." It was flat and yellow and unlovely, but it was real Klondike gold, and I had a queer feeling of interest in it; and as it lay heavy in my hand I thought many queer thoughts of what it may have cost to those who had it.

Some day I shall write a very amusing article upon the restaurants of New York. No one but a child of the city knows about them, but an outsider with a sufficient number of pointers can get a fine lot of impressions. There are some to which I may go alone, if the whim takes me, at certain times on certain days, but to which my most enterprising escort wouldn't suggest going on the times and days which are not certain. There are restaurants where a look over the bill of fare costs three dollars, and again one can dine in delightful company and off reasonably good fare for forty cents! Chinese cookery, Hungarian goulash, French salad, German potato cake, all the delicatessen of the two hemispheres one can have if one only knows New York well. It is worth coming down here if one were not interested in anything but one's dinner!

To-day I saw a lot of Gibson's drawings in a shop window. A Jew (so many Jews!) displayed to me some lovely ones—originals—for seventy-nine cents apiece. It seemed a Gibson bargain day, and I was tempted by a pair of golfing mortals leaning disconsolately apart on a rail fence, with a wee Cupid caddie hugging the golf implements, with rueful countenance, who suggestively remarks, "There are other games on earth besides golf." It is a delicious little drawing, one of about a score.

Since the 4th of October it is possible to take a hansom-cab ride in New York for twenty-five cents. Just think of it! The New York Central has started a line of cabs from the Forty-second street depot, which drive you and your small baggage anywhere in quite a large radius, down to Twenty-second street or up to Fifty-ninth street, for the modest quarter. Two of you can go for forty cents. This is a nice pointer for persons living within the said area, and though there is a great rush for the cabs, a few moments' wait will always secure one. They have rubber tires and are lovely to get about in.

LADY GAY.

Books and Shop-talk.

ROBINA AND KATHLEEN M. LIZARS of Stratford have produced a very interesting book in *Humors of '37*, Grave, Gay and Grim. The book is a sketchy narrative of the Papineau and Mackenzie rebellions, and contains matters never brought together in any one previous work, and others new in print. The book opens with a travesty on John Gilpin, which appeared in the *Cobourg Star* on February 7, 1838, treating the rebellion as an absurd uprising of absurd persons. On reading this book one thing impresses me very strongly, viz., that no war can be so insignificant as to be wholly a farce. Even the Mackenzie rebel-

lion resulted in deaths, suffering and destruction of homes, while that in Quebec possessed greater horrors. The annihilation of the rebels under Chénier at St. Eustache was quite as severe as the "operations" of the Spaniards in Cuba. The narrative of a Hamilton man shows some of the hardships that must be endured even by a victor. He was out for two weeks in the middle of winter, and in the fourteen days only had three meals. The men chewed the corners of their frozen blankets for sustenance. Possibly this is one of the humors of the book, but the Hamilton man does not pose as a humorist. On returning to his own town the men were in sieghs, and in skirting the brow of the mountain one sleigh slewed over the edge, and those who looked down saw it stuck one hundred feet below, its occupants nowhere visible. The book does not throw much new light on the characters of the men who figured in the rebellion. William Lyon Mackenzie is again shown to have been rather a ludicrous figure, and Papineau talented, but vain. Sir John Colborne is highly praised by the authors of the work, while Sir Francis Bond Head is censured and jollied on his enormous vanity. I have not yet completed my reading of the book and may refer to it again, after digesting it, for some of the points raised require consideration.

Mr. A. F. Pirie of the Dundas Banner is the Reform candidate in North Wentworth. It is no secret that the leaders of the Reform party are decidedly anxious for the election of Mr. Pirie. The reason of this is well known to newspaper men. The fact is recognized that Mr. Pirie is one of the finest public speakers in this country, and if he once enters public life his development is expected to be very rapid. His great speech, delivered about three years ago at Buffalo (if my memory serves me), was one of the finest orations ever made by a Canadian along patriotic lines. Some of his speeches at the conventions and dinners of the Canadian Press Association are remembered well by newspaper men as powerful in reasoning, eloquent in style, and brilliant with humor. In saying this I am but giving public expression to opinions often expressed by editors of all shades of politics. If once elected to one of our parliaments Mr. Pirie would quickly fill an important place, for a man of such talent becomes as popular throughout a province as he does in a constituency—indeed, if he can carry a constituency where the issues are smaller and more direct, it is my opinion that the attention and approval of the province can be won with comparative ease. Speaking of Dundas, I see that Mr. John S. Fry has started a new paper there, the *Dundas Sun*. It is a lively, well printed sheet, and Mr. Fry ranks as a first-class newspaper man. His paper is Conservative in politics.

The inevitable has happened. Mr. Hugh Clark of the *Kincardine Review* has been drawn into city newspaper work. In the last Dominion campaign there was no out-of-town paper so generally quoted by newspapers everywhere as the *Review*, and the beauty of it was that Mr. Clark managed to get himself quoted with approval by papers on all sides of politics without losing his standing as an editor of a Conservative paper. As a rule the points were well taken, and often witty or highly humorous. Each issue of the paper has contained a column of very bright paragraphs, which have been reproduced by many of the leading dailies. Mr. Clark has been appointed editor of the *Ottawa Citizen* and passed through Toronto this week. The *Ottawa papers* are edited with considerable ability, but for some reason they have not that weight throughout the country which the newspapers of the Capital should possess. One reason, perhaps, is that they seem to be printed on stone-crushers instead of printing-presses, and are not mechanically and typographically attractive. We are beginning to suspect that a paper that gets too much "impression" cannot have much weight. The rehabilitation of the *Citizen* may cause a general spurge forward by the *Ottawa papers*, for the Capital is booming. Toronto might naturally lead *Ottawa* in its daily press, and it is likely that the burst of enterprise which marked the Toronto papers about five years ago is to be now paralleled in the Capital. Hugh Clark is described rightly "as perhaps the brightest paragraphist in Canada," and *Ottawa* should offer him full scope.

Briggs—What kind of a fellow is Willow-snap? Griggs—I don't know. I've only seen him when he was with his wife.—Puck.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MOLLY BAWN.—It is the writing of a lady, and I think a cultured one. Idealism, discretion, a liking for the sterner sex, a curious persistence at times, not much buoyancy; refinement, thought and consistency are shown.

EXCELSIOR.—Your writing ably echoes your *nom de plume*. It is of the most ambitious description. All your aims are high, somewhat noble, and success shows very finely; you have force, tenacity, buoyancy, decision, and plenty of talent, presumably for music, but it may be for some sister art as well. Just remember that there is a soft side of your nature which needs a chance.

ANXIOUS B.—Don't be anxious. It never pays anyone. You are impressionable, sentimental and rather a sensible and reasonable person notwithstanding you have some ambition, but it is not very strong; you waste some forces which you should store up; you are appreciative of beauty and refinement, and have very honest and straightforward method. I wish you weren't quite so easily influenced.

FABIAN.—Your writing is weak and wavering; some lines, however, have great beauty, and the tendency is hopeful. You love excitement and motion, have apparently never learned the strength of quietness. I cannot advise you on the matter. Do as you'd be done by. As to whether you will be a success, you may, if circumstances are kind, but I am afraid things will have to be made very easy for you.

LADYBIRD.—1. Cycling is so universal that to call it an unalloyed pastime is absurd. You are right about the fact of its decline as a *furore* among the more exalted stratum of society. They accepted it for a time, but the lazy life of the richer and more hedged-in has had its effect. They don't care for outdoor sport and exercise. Golf will follow cycling, when some new pastime comes up. We lesser folk, however, find cycling at all events a great convenience. 2. Your writing shows intense refinement, nervous force, and much concentration. You love warmly, and don't mind matters with those you dislike; are loyal, conservative and very impulsive. Go gently, little lady!

MAUDE GILLMAN.—I don't know whether that is your *nom de plume*. It is the only one you have given me. I'm rather sceptical about broken hearts—Maude; think they generally should be translated dense heads. You say your friend neglects you—that you don't wish to appear to complain—can I account for the change in him? Of course, my dear. You have simply ceased to interest him. It's not a matter of much moment that he still interests you. Let him go, and interest yourself in some other creature or fad. It will hurt at first, but it's a far better way to accept the situation sensibly. It's the only way to come out ahead. Neither you nor I, my good woman, can abide a bore. Don't you be one.

A FLAT.—1. I quite agree with you; the trouble of small housekeeping is very trying to business women, and the flat would be a great convenience. I happen to be writing this answer in a room of a flat, in a city of flats, and though there are drawbacks, there are many toll-free steps saved. Fancy no stairs to climb, for I presume your ideal flat would have what your German friend calls an "alleviator." 2. Your writing is a bit uncertain; you are rather apt to be discontented, and I think you are too impulsive also. You love change, have many schemes and fancies, are impatient of control, and inclined to be extravagant. A bright mind and a good deal of wit, tact and sympathy are shown. You should be popular, and might easily be trying.

SIXTEEN.—1. There are girls who could go over to the Island in pairs for seven thousand years and nobody'd look at them, but you are not their sort. If the boys don't let you alone it's your fault. Either you are too pretty, or too silly, or too evidently over there for fun, including the boys. I have seen scores of such girls just daring boys to notice them, and then protesting against their notice. There's no question of right or wrong involved in a pair of girls going almost anywhere in this city alone, but their dress, their gait, their looks and their voices are what must be condemned or commended. Get them all right and the boys will respect you, for you'll deserve their respect. 2. You write a splendid hand; your will, however, is more powerful than your judgment—they should be even, at all events. You are enterprising, determined and constant when you make up your mind; caution and discretion are shown, and a fairly sweet temper. It needs time for the rest.

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Families contemplating closing their houses for the winter months will find in the new Grand Union, corner Simcoe and Front (the most modern hotel in the city, steam heated, baths, electric light, gas, elevator, etc.), a perfect home. Mr. Charles A. Campbell will be pleased to give special rates.

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Point de Venise Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, 6-4 wide, choice at \$4, \$5.50 and.....	6.50	30-in. Frilled Muslins plain and spotted, special, per yard, 15c. and.....	.30
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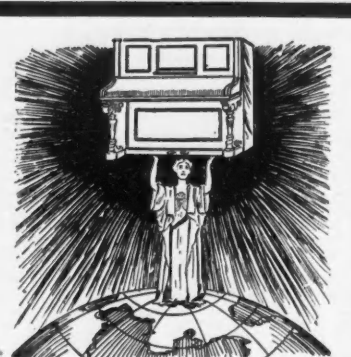


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Studio and Gallery

At the Annual Industrial Exhibition of St. John, New Brunswick, writes a correspondent, "the arts were relegated to the background." Considering that St. John has had in the past an art department which has been a "prominent feature" in its exhibitions, the question naturally arises as to the reason of this retrograde movement. Have the inhabitants tired of art, or "been through it" like the young man from college, or is it with them as one of the dead languages, highly ornamental but of no serious advantage to an agricultural people? None of these things it would appear, however, have moved the Fair directors. Merely the very prudent and homely question of saving expenses, which means the allotting of a suitable space to artists alone. They have been assigned, as in the ordinary village Fair, to the region of crocheted quilts, crazy patch-work, woolen socks and other articles more dainty, though less wholesome. This seems hardly fair to the artist profession. Artists, not being housewives nor workers of fancy articles, should certainly be differently classified and given an opportunity for a just display of their products. We think it an egregious blunder to ignore or not make proper provision for the display of the art advancement of a country, which is, no doubt, a very "fair index of its civilization." We need the artist to tell us what kind of a world it is in which we live and the conditions under which we actually occupy it. None other sees it as he. The art display is surely of far more significance to a country than to note the advancement horses have made in trotting, although Fair directors do not sometimes seem to see the matter in that light. As for art schools, we consider them of first importance. The training of our youth to see and appreciate what are really the principles upon which the Divine Being has constructed the universe, and than which, I take it, no better form can be found in continuing its existence, is of the utmost importance. We expect to hear better things from St. John next year.

Mr. A. Dickson Patterson, R.C.A., has at present in a state of progression portraits of three very distinguished gentlemen. They are all typical expressions of Mr. Patterson's mode,

Calendars, 1898

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Mr. GEORGE CHAVIGNAUD, the well known French artist, will have a few choice sketches for sale also.
All the work will be on exhibition the day and morning previous to the sale at Mr. Dickson's rooms.

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and reveal intensity and extreme richness of coloring; luminosity and vitality of background; special adaptability of the portrait to its proposed future surroundings; a distinctly articulated phase of the character portrayed; a rigid adherence to the facts of his subject's personality; a total general effect of virility, appropriateness, dignity and beauty. One is of Prince Krapotkin, the Russian socialist, who attended the recent meetings of the British Association. Another of Chief Justice Burton, one of a series of chief justices intended for Osgoode Hall. This is a particularly excellent work of art. The third is of Lieutenant-Governor Sir George Kirkpatrick in his official costume, a costume which affords ample scope for the display of technical skill. It would indeed be an incongruity if aught else than dignity, harmony and beauty should characterize Mr. Patterson's work, effects which are continuously breathed upon him from all his surroundings. Mr. Patterson has kindly invited the public to view his works every Friday from three to five p.m., and to those disposed to accept we assure a very pleasant and truly instructive time amidst surroundings of truest art, presided over by a gentleman most courteous of manner and entertaining of speech.

The new calendar of the Art Students' League for 1898 abounds in interest. The Leaguers are to be complimented both on their choice of subjects and the execution of the same. Members residing in New York, as well as Toronto members, have contributed. The subjects are illustrative of Canadian home life, and tell us faithfully of the early customs and of the beginnings of society in our land, and are decidedly refreshing. One shows a surveying party of 1793, another the first beginnings of home military drill, 1837, and a third the old-fashioned barn-raising, in which so many of the prominent men of this land have in their juvenile days participated. We like the matter portrayed very much.

The Ontario Society of Artists are bucking on their armor for the winter's campaign. The regular monthly business meetings come in order. The life class, composed of members of the R. C. A. and O. S. A., meet Tuesday and Thursday evenings for study. This includes only the *creme de la creme* and only the elect need apply. The Saturday evening sketch class for members of the O. S. A. meet regularly and execute original compositions from subjects given on the spot, after which light refreshments are partaken of! My readers are cautioned hereby, however, from confounding this with the ordinary frivolous and human five o'clock tea indulged in in some quarters, and popular with ordinary mortals generally.

Mr. O. P. Staples has just completed a large canvas giving a scene near the Don, looking from the Winchester bridge. An evening effect is the thought of the painting. A background full of the subdued light of departing day; cattle wending their way slowly homeward over ground ridged and furrowed; green pasture between the ridges, and a brown hillside, constitute a very pleasing subject. It is painted in quite a subdued key, harmonious throughout. The cows, though well drawn and light in some parts, are not obtrusive. Mr. Staples has other scenes of cornfields and bits of local scenery, in which the feeling of the scene and different atmospheric effects are truthfully depicted. He has also several portraits on hand on small canvases. One cannot but feel that the small size is so much better adapted for private use than the usually much larger canvases. Mr. Staples is a faithful, conscientious artist, and is in love with art for art's sake.

Miss L. O. Adams is exhibiting her own and pupils' work on china this week at the Pantechnethca. These weekly exhibits have been very popular, the ladies finding it convenient to drop in when downtown. Miss Adams has some very pretty effects, especially on her jardiniere, which are treated with more boldness than is usual.

Mr. G. Bruenech, A.R.C.A., gives his very interesting exhibitions of water-color paintings this week. The foreign subjects in this collection were sketched during the artist's recent two years' visit to England, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Two summers were spent in the north of Norway, inside the Arctic circle, where many opportunities were afforded of studying the wonderful effects of the sun shining at midnight. Mr. Bruenech's work has been exhibited in some of the leading galleries of London, Paris, Berlin, Antwerp, Christiania, Gothenburg and Uddevalla. His Norwegian scenes are faithfully characteristic of the peculiar aspects of nature in that rugged land, notably his North Cape, the Fjaerlands Fjord and Raftsund. Of other scenery his Grastell Mountain, Scotland, and different Muskoka scenes, and bits of local scenery, are very pleasing. In all his work there is sprightliness, vividness, richness of coloring, which make them very much sought after by the public.

The display of paintings by Sir F. A. Verner, R.C.A., this week was enjoyed by many. His Canadian scenes were particularly interesting.

John C. Miles, A.R.C.A., late of St. John, New Brunswick, is at present residing in Boston.

The Miles Art School of St. John has commenced its season's work. This is the twentieth term of this popular school, having been established in 1877.

Miss Edith Hemming has just finished a very charming miniature portrait of Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne. It is executed on ivory and is in every respect a most successful work. The expression is truthful, the flesh tint extremely delicate. The rich, white brocade *moire antique*, diamonds, pearls and sapphires, and beautiful Brussels point lace, are faithfully depicted. Miss Hemming is finishing a number of these exquisite miniatures intended for Christmas gifts, for which they are specially adapted, being so much more companionable, and more one's own private possession, than any larger portrait. Miss Hemming is painting also a life-size portrait in oil of a prominent doctor, recently deceased. She has just completed a

silhouette *fac-simile* of one of her relatives, who have always been artists.

The Woman's Art Association of Canada will hold an exhibition of unframed sketches, (pen-and-ink, pencil, wash-drawings, water-color and oil motifs, poster and other designs), the first week in December. All contributions to be mounted on card and sent to studio 89, Canada Life building, not later than November 26. These exhibitions are of great interest to the student and professional artist, and the uninitiated are also pleased to satisfy their curiosity as to processes and first thoughts. Any artists wishing to exhibit may enquire of the secretary, Mrs. Robert Cartwright, Stanley Barracks, or Mrs. Elliott, convener of exhibition committee, 496 Church street.

The historical dinner service, and a large part of the china which formed such an attractive exhibition in the W. A. A. studio last week, has gone to the St. Thomas branch of the W. A. A. of Canada, where they are holding, in connection with the regular exhibit, a loan exhibit of rare china. The exhibition then goes to the St. John branch, N.B., and will reach the Montreal branch in time for the opening of the exhibition there, December 10. The sequence of exhibitions which the W. A. A. arranges for its branches, both in ceramics and the regular picture exhibitions, serves to give interest and knowledge of what is being done in the different provinces, enlarging thereby the views and broadening the efforts of the artists. When such work as that of Miss Whitney of the School of Applied Design, Montreal; Miss Galbraith of Hamilton, and Miss Watson of Galt is shown in this stronghold of ceramic art—Toronto—our artists must look to their laurels. We remember Miss Adams' beautiful representation of violets, and some of her simply-treated border designs and suggestive landscapes; Miss Roberts' firm painting and rich gilding; Miss Justina Harrison's fine imitation of Dresden, and the work of a number of other local artists who may pick up the gauntlet and enter the lists for distinction in this field of decoration, which has such unlimited possibilities in Canada.

Bain's Art Gallery was a center of attraction last Christmas season, and was constantly full of busy shoppers looking over the large display of dainty art calendars, cards and booklets for Christmas souvenirs. This year the Bain Company have decided to open up their art exhibit much earlier than usual, so that customers may have leisure to look over these beautiful calendars, etc., before the Christmas rush is on. The art exhibit is now open, 53 King street east.

The Saturday Night Sketch Club met at Mrs. Elliott's studio last week. About forty members were in attendance. This week it meets at Mrs. Alfred E. Morson's, 6 Brunswick avenue. On Thursday afternoon at two the members met at the studio, 89 Canada Life Building, for work from model. The readings on Greek Art, as ably planned by Miss Graham, will be given on Thursdays at the studio, at half-past four, beginning in January. The annual course of art lectures is being prepared, to begin in January, and promises to be of much interest.

Extreme Nervousness

Frequently Brings its Victim to the Verge of Insanity.

The Case of a Young Lady in Smith's Falls Who Suffered Severely—Given up by Two Doctors—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Her to Health.

From the Smith's Falls News.

Many cases have been reported of how invalids who had suffered for years and whose case had been given up by the attending physician, have been restored to health and vigor through that now world-famed medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but we doubt if there is one more startling or more convincing than that of Miss Elizabeth Minshall, who resides with her brother, Mr. Thos. Minshall, of this town, an employee in Frost & Wood's Agricultural Works. The *News* heard of this remarkable case, and meeting Mr. Minshall asked him if the story was correct. He replied: "All I know is that my sister had been given up as incurable by two physicians. She is now well enough to do any kind of housework and can go and come as she pleases, and this change has, it is my honest conviction, been brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Mr. Minshall then related the following story to the *News*:—"My sister is twenty years of age. She came to Canada from England about ten years ago, and resided with a Baptist minister, Rev. Mr. Cody, at Sorel, Que. In April of 1896 she took ill and gradually grew worse. She was under a local physician's care for over five months. The doctor said that she was suffering from a complication of nervous diseases, and that he could do little for her. The minister with whom she lived then wrote me of my sister's state of health, and I had her come to Smith's Falls in the hope that a change and rest would do her good. When she arrived here she was in a very weak state, and a local physician was called in to see her. He attended her for some time, but with poor results, and finally acknowledged that the case was one which he could do very little for. My sister had by this time become a pitiable object; the slightest noise would disturb her, and the slightest exertion would almost make her insane. It required someone to be with her all the time, and often after a fit of extreme nervousness she would become unconscious and remain in that state for hours. When I went home I had to take my boots off at the door-step so as not to disturb her. When the doctor told me he could do nothing for her, I consulted with my wife, who had great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as she knew of several cases where they had worked wonderful cures, and I concluded it would be no harm to try them anyway, and mentioned the fact to the doctor. The doctor did not oppose their use, but said he thought they might do her good, as they were certainly a good medicine. In September of last year she began to use the pills, and before two boxes had been used she began to show signs of improvement. She has continued their use since and is to-day a living testimony of the curative power of Dr. Wil-

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AT ALL GROCERS

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See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

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Williams' Pink Pills." Mr. Minshall has no hesitation in sounding the praises of a remedy that has worked such a change in the health of his sister, and cheerfully gave the *News* the above particulars, and when asked to do so most willingly signed the following declaration:

SMITH'S FALLS, Sept. 11, 1897.
I hereby make declaration that the statements in above as to the condition of my sister and the benefit she received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are absolutely correct.

Witness, J. H. ROSS.

Drunk, Puppy, Drink.
Rider and Driver.

Here's to the fox in his earth below the rocks!
And here's to the line that we follow,
And here's to the hound with his nose upon the ground,
Tho' merrily we whoop and we holla.

CHORUS.
Then drink, puppy, drink,
And let every puppy drink
That is old enough to lap and to swallow,
For he'll grow into a hound,
So we'll pass the bottle round,
And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holla.

Here's to the horse, and the rider too, of course;
And here's to the rally o' the hunt, boys;
Here's a health to every friend who can struggle to the end,
And here's to the "Tally-Ho" in front, boys.

CHORUS—
Here's to the gap, and the timber that we rap,
Here's to the white thorn, and the black too;
And here's to the pace that puts life into the chase,
And the fence that gives a moment to the pack, too.

CHORUS—
Oh, the pack is staunch and true, now they run from scent to view,
And it's worth the risk to life and limb and neck, boys;
To see them drive and stoop till they finish with "who whoop"
Forty minutes on the grass without a check, boys.

CHORUS—

The Hunter Home From the Hill.

Puck.
Mrs. Jones—Why, John, you've shot a hen!
Jones (indignantly)—Hen? That, madam, is a Shanghai Buff-Cochin Leghorn partridge, that I shot near a farmhouse; and, as it happened to be a tame one, and quite a family pet, I had to pay for it. Where did you ever get your knowledge of hens, madam?

Now that Adelaide street west has had a new pavement laid, it may be expected that an increased amount of business will be done upon it and that traffic will be diverted from other streets. On the second floor of SATURDAY NIGHT Building there is a large room suited for an office or commission business. If you think of moving with the tide, consult the business manager of SATURDAY NIGHT about it.

California Excursions.

A new and important arrangement, whereby parties can get a tourist car to nearly every point in California. The Great Northern Railway will run a through tourist car from St. Paul to Los Angeles, via Portland, and down the Coast, thereby reaching more places than any other lines. Have a look at the wheat fields of Minnesota and Dakota and the gold mining district of Kootenai on the way. Rates as low as any. For full particulars apply to F. I. Whitney, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn. H. G. McMicken, General Agent, 2 King street east, Toronto.

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Music.

The piano recital given in Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week by Mr. W. H. Sherwood attracted a very large and representative gathering of local music-lovers. Mr. Sherwood's programme was as follows:

Bach—Bourée in A minor (from 2nd English Suite).
Handel—Fire Music.
Schubert—Lied—Sofie de Vienne, No. 6.
Grieg—Solveig's Lied, from Peer Gynt, op. 55.
Godard—En Route. (Concert Etude).
Mazurka, op. 7, No. 1.
Prelude, op. 28, No. 16.
Nocturne, op. 27, No. 1.
Etude, op. 25, No. 1.
Liszt—Polonaise in E.
Wagner—Kine Faust Overture. (Arr. for piano by Hans von Bulow).
Liszt—Tarentelle, (Venezia e Napoli).
Saint-Saens—Concerto in G minor.

It seems superfluous to speak of the artistic character of Mr. Sherwood's playing, so frequently has he been heard in this city, his annual recitals in connection with the Conservatory of Music, of which institution he is examiner, having for years been regarded as among the most enjoyable of local musical fixtures. It may be said, however, that in the above admirably varied and comprehensive programme Mr. Sherwood played with all the technical brilliancy, musicianly feeling and breadth of style which have made him so popular as an artist of the first rank in all parts of this continent. The Liszt Polonaise was substituted for Raff's March, op. 91, owing to an accident to Mr. Sherwood's hand while in Minneapolis, which interfered with his practicing for a week and made the change advisable. In the smaller numbers, as in the greater works, Mr. Sherwood's success was uniform and thorough. The Saint-Saens Concerto was splendidly played and proved a fitting climax to the evening's programme. The excellent support accorded Mr. Sherwood in this fine composition by Sig. Dinelli at the second piano, aided materially in the artistic effect produced in the performance of the work. The vocalist of the evening, Miss Amy Robsart Jaffray, was very cordially received by the audience and encoored upon her rendering of Luckstone's graceful Valse Lente. Her voice, a mezzo-soprano of good quality, showed signs of careful training and thorough study. The accompaniments were played by Sig. Dinelli with his customary good taste. Much of the success of the concert may fairly be attributed to the splendid tone of the new scale Knabe Grand used by Mr. Sherwood.

A service of praise of more than ordinary merit was given at College street Baptist church on Tuesday evening last by the choir of the church, under Mr. Fred L. Ratcliffe's direction, assisted by Miss Leonora James, the popular soprano of Jarvis street Baptist church; the Toronto Male Quartette; Mr. W. N. Shaver, baritone, and Mr. Ralph Williams, mandolin soloist. A large audience was in attendance, and the excellent programme presented awakened keenest interest and moved those present to enthusiastic applause. The chorus of fifty voices sang with marked effect, developing a fine body of tone and rendering several well chosen selections, among them Gounod's Sanctus from Missa Solenne, with unusual attention to expression. Miss James was heartily encoored in her solo, and created a most favorable impression in the solo of the Sanctus as well. The Male Quartette, although somewhat handicapped through the unavoidable absence of the second bass and the substitution of another singer, Mr. W. N. Shaver, at a moment's notice, were most warmly encoored. This organization, which consists of Messrs. Whatmough, Booz, Davies and Booth, has been in active rehearsal for some months past under Mr. Davies' direction, and bids fair to become a very popular concert attraction. The Quartette possesses an admirable repertoire of both sacred and secular selections, and sings them with an attention to detail rarely attained by similar organizations. Solos by Mr. Shaver, Mr. Davies and Mr. Whatmough were all warmly applauded, as were also the mandolin solos by Mr. Williams, whose technique and style were much admired. Encores were numerous and the concert was pronounced by the audience one of the best ever given in the west end of the city. An eloquent address on Music and Light by the pastor of the church, Mr. S. S. Bates, lent agreeable variety to a very enjoyable evening's entertainment.

The Toronto Junction College of Music, Miss Via McMillan directress, gave a concert in Kilburn Hall on Friday evening of last week, which was in every way a gratifying success. The concert, which was the first given under the auspices of the institution, introduced the following members of the staff, namely: Miss McMillan, piano; Mr. Wark, piano; Miss Archer, violin; Miss Sydney, cello; Mr. F. X. Mercier, tenor; Miss Lillian Burns, elocution, and Mr. Smedley, mandolin and banjo. The performers were all heartily applauded, and several of the selections were warmly encoored, Miss Archer and Mr. Mercier winning veritable ovations. A feature of the concert was the rendering of the last movement of Beethoven's C minor concerto by Miss McMillan, accompanied by Mr. Wark at a second piano and further supported by a well balanced string quartette. Mr. St. John, M.P.P., presided during the evening and spoke in warm terms of praise of the institution and of the good work it is doing in the cause of music at the Junction.

The recital given in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening last by Madame Walther, soprano; Mr. H. P. Stutchbury, baritone; Mr. Bernhard Walther, violinist, and Sig. Giuseppe Dinelli, pianist, did not attract as large an audience as the excellence of the programme offered merited. The performers, who, with the exception of Mr. Stutchbury, are all so well known as to render any detailed notice of their work unnecessary, acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of the reputations they have won in local musical circles. Mr. Stutchbury, who made his debut as a professional singer at this recital, displays a voice of good quality which has been cultivated with much care. He was several times encoored. The audience was enthusiastic, and the concert was thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

The committee of the University of Toronto Ladies' Glee Club have decided to hold their annual concert in Association Hall, corner of Yonge and McGill streets, on Thursday even-

ing, December 9. Under the efficient direction of Mr. William F. Robinson the ladies have been practicing very faithfully for some weeks past, and the committee confidently expect to accomplish greater results at their concert this year than ever before. Mr. Harold Jarvis, the popular tenor, has been engaged, and some other artists are under consideration, the choice of which will be announced later. The committee have made a wise decision in putting the price of admission within the reach of all, namely, twenty-five cents, with reserved seats at fifty cents.

A representative musical audience from the Presbyterian congregations of the city assembled on the evening of Thursday, November 4, in the Parkdale Presbyterian church, to participate in a musical service taken entirely from the New Book of Praise. The members of the choir in solo, quartette and chorus work, while demonstrating the excellence of the material contained in the Psalter and Hymnal, gave ample evidence of the progress they have been making under the leadership of Mr. A. M. Gorrie since his appointment there in the spring. Several organ solos, including a Hymnic Fantasia specially composed for the occasion, were rendered by Mr. Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac., F.T.C.M., the organist of the church.

The first recital of Mr. W. E. Fairclough's sixth series was given on Saturday afternoon last at All Saints' church. The programme embraced Rheinberger's First Sonata in C minor; Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A major, and smaller compositions by Hepp, Best, Guilman, Diemel and Benedict. These were all played in a manner worthy of Mr. Fairclough's reputation as an organist of solid attainments and artistic culture. Miss Wishart, a talented pupil of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, sang solos by Marston and Sullivan in a very acceptable manner. The second recital of this series takes place on Saturday, December 4.

The first of a series of social and musical reunions of pupils of Mr. W. J. McNally was held on Monday evening last. An interesting programme of music was rendered, in which the following pupils took part: Misses Edith Goulay, Violet Pearce, Millie Marks, Ethel de Mere and Jennie E. Williams. Compositions by Kirchner, Ketterer, Vogrich, Chaminade, Chopin, Mendelssohn and Heller were played and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Winlow, a talented pupil of Mr. Klingensfeld, also took part and played with good effect violin solos by Dancila and Beethoven.

The regular monthly meeting of the Clef Club was held in the Club rooms on Thursday evening of last week. There was a large attendance of members and a very pleasant evening was spent. Mr. W. H. Sherwood, the eminent pianist, who is an honorary member of the Club, was present. At the next monthly meeting Mr. Rechab Tandy will read a paper on Musical Life in London, and it is the intention to have papers at subsequent meetings, dealing with the question of music in Canada, France, United States and Germany.

In reply to a question as to whom he considered to be the ablest living pianist Mr. W. H. Sherwood said: "That is a hard question to answer. Rosenthal is, perhaps, greatest in technique. Theresa Carreno, who, by the way, is of American origin, has a rich musical temperament, and Sophie Mentor is, perhaps, as great as any, excepting Rosenthal, in technique. D'Albert, too, ranks among the highest. Paderewski, while he has had an unusual run in luck, is one of the great pianists—by no means the greatest."

The large number of music students and pupils of our various ladies' colleges, etc., who attended the Sherwood recital on Thursday evening of last week, furnished tangible evidence of the business-like methods adopted by the managers of the concert, who, on this occasion, made a practical test of the utility of offering special inducements to such students. A very large proportion of those present were pupils of our music schools and ladies' seminaries.

I am in receipt of a humorous "poem" from a member of St. James' cathedral choir, in which the real and fancied troubles of that organization since Mr. Schuch's retirement are graphically set forth. The poet entitles his effort An Idyl of St. James' Choir, and had he eliminated considerable of the personal from his verses they would have made very interesting reading.

A piano and vocal recital will be given in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Monday evening by pupils of Mr. T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac. An attractive programme has been arranged in which Miss Ida McLean, the popular soprano, will take a prominent part. Admission is by invitation, and cards may be obtained by making application to Mr. Jeffers.

The Toronto Select Choir is steadily increasing in numbers, and it is expected that the limit of one hundred voices will soon be reached, when the membership list will be closed. Eighty members are reported to have joined already, and the outlook is said to be very encouraging.

A recital by violin and vocal pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Heinrich Klingensfeld will be given in the hall of the Young Women's Christian Association, Elm street, on Wednesday evening next. Application should be made to Mr. Klingensfeld for tickets of admission.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. J. C. Walsh will receive her friends at the residence of her mother, No. 10 Bloor street east, on Thursday, November 18, before leaving for Montreal.

Mrs. and Miss Griffith of Church street sailed from New York last week for a year or two's sojourn on the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tilley, late of 37 Borden street, are now living at 78 College street. Mrs. Tilley will be at home on the first and fourth Thursdays of each month.

Mrs. W. J. McCullough (nee James) will hold her post-nuptial reception at 168 Robert street on Friday, November 26. No cards.

The engagement of Miss Amy Fell to Rev. R. J. Renison of the Church of the Messiah has been formally announced. Their marriage will shortly follow.

Mrs. Frank H. Mason will receive on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, November 17 and 18, at Mrs. George J. Mason's, 16 Empress crescent (late Victoria crescent), South Parkdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald De Koven have many friends among the smart Toronto set and will be constantly entertained here during the engagement of The Highwayman at the Grand. Mrs. De Koven accompanies her husband, who is watching his latest work with greatest interest. The first night of a new De Koven opera is always an event, and the Monday audience at the Grand will be smarter than usual.

The students of the Dental College intend holding their annual At Home on Friday evening, December 10. Everything is being done to make the affair an unqualified success.

Owing to the fact that the first of the Grenadiers' assemblies has been arranged for December 3, the board of management of the Ladies' Work Depository has decided to change the date of the *Bal Poudre* from December 2 to January 6. It would have been unfortunate had two events so delightful in character been crowded together.

Miss Cousineau, the promising young singer and daughter of Mr. F. X. Cousineau, left on Wednesday morning, accompanied by her mother. They are to spend a few days with Mrs. and Miss Brimston at the Jefferson Hotel, New York. Miss Cousineau will sail by the S.S. La Bretagne to Havre, and from there to Paris, where she will resume her vocal studies under the famous Mme. Marchesi.

The breakfast and meet to have been given the Toronto Hunt Club by the master, Mr. George W. Beardmore, to-day, on account of the death of Major Hay has been postponed. Major Hay was a most enthusiastic huntsman, a member of the board, and his death leaves an empty saddle in the Toronto Hunt.

Gentlemen's Dress—The Draper's Study.

With society on tip-toe of expectancy with so many pleasant "gatherings" announced, it's proper and will be appreciated to hint to gentlemen what they mean in matter of dress of such occasions. To be specific, here's a little dress suit sketch which Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin block, submits. It will afford one the means of comparing style changes if he has a dress suit, or of having the absolutely correct, should it be necessary that he have a suit made. The dress coat, with separate collar and lapel—the latter covered with dull-facing silk to the button-holes—is far and away the most frequently made style. The skirts are somewhat shortening and are well rounded at the bottom. A most stylish vest is of black broadcloth silk, single-breasted. The trousers are cut somewhat closer than formerly. The materials for dress suits are not materially changed. Fine cashmere corkscrews, pinhead and file patterns, uncut twill cashmeres are much used. Mr. Taylor will be pleased to consult with you.

The Sembrich Concert

Speaking of Marcella Sembrich, who makes her only appearance here on December 2, Mr. Walter H. Robinson writes to a friend: "Don't miss hearing Sembrich. At her concerts here in New York even standing room has been at a premium. She is a great success, and takes her audience by storm." The subscription list is now filling up rapidly at Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming's.

LADIES are invited to attend the free lecture on "Woman and Dress," given by VIAVI lecturer in Lecture Hall, Suite L, Confederation Life Building, on Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 3 p.m. The aim of this organization is a higher physical life for woman.

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Social and Personal.

A very pretty wedding took place in the church of the Sacred Heart, Paris, on Tuesday, November 9, when Emily, third daughter of Mr. T. O'Brien, was married to John Perrie, eldest son of Hon. T. C. Murphy of Jacksonville, Florida. The ceremony was performed by Vicar-General Keough, assisted by Rev. Father Finney of Brantford, after which high mass was celebrated. The bride was prettily attired in a traveling-gown of gray covert cloth with hat to match, and carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses. She was attended by her sister, Anna L., as maid of honor, Miss Aggie M. Fleming of Mount Forest and Miss Nellie R. Ealand of Paris as bridesmaids, who were also prettily attired and carried large bunches of roses in pink, crimson and yellow. Mr. J. H. O'Brien of Niagara Falls assisted the groom. A pleasing feature of the ceremony was the singing of Miss Clara R. Farrell, with violin obligato by Miss Alice McGaghie, both of Woodstock. After the ceremony a reception was held at Brierfield, the residence of the bride's father. The happy couple left on an extended tour through the New England States, returning by way of New York to Jacksonville, Fla., where they will make their future home. The beautiful gifts testified the esteem in which the bride was held by her many friends, among them being a handsome opal and diamond hoop ring, the gift of the groom. To the attendants he presented a gold belt buckle enameled with the Spanish coat-of-arms, a souvenir of Florida.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Clare are settled in their new home, 508 Queen street west, where Mrs. Clare will receive on Thursdays.

Mr. F. W. Harcourt last Saturday won the monthly handicap of the Toronto Golf Club with a score of 85. Mr. C. Hunter was second with a net score of 90, and Mr. D. W. Saunders with 91 was third. The Hunter medal was won by Mr. T. D. Law. Mr. Law and Mr. Kerr are to play in the finals for the club championship to-day if the weather be favorable. It has been a poor week for golf, with snow and rain enough to keep the hardest golf crank off the links.

Mr. J. M. Strachan of St. Patrick street, for several years chief bookkeeper to Mr. George J. Foy, left on Friday, November 5, to fill a responsible position in Trail, B.C. Mr. Strachan is a native born Torontonian, a son of the late Ald. Strachan, and his hosts of friends will be glad to hear of his success in his new home. Mrs. Strachan, (nee Coleman), who joins her husband in a few weeks, will visit friends in Winnipeg en route.

For three nights this week Mr. Martin Cleworth, assisted by Mrs. Cleworth and pupils, gave theatrical performances in Broadway Hall, under the auspices of the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. Bright little comediettes, two each evening, were presented, viz.: Cut Off With a Shilling, Good for Nothing, Our Bitterest Foe, Uncle's Will, and Bubbles.

About sixty young men met at Webb's on Tuesday evening at dinner, and discussed a proposal to form a Canadian Club in Toronto similar to the one that exists in Hamilton. A very pleasant evening was spent, and the project was floated, or at all events successfully initiated. Mr. Sanford Evans occupied the chair, and the other chief speakers were: Mr. J. S. Willison, Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., and Dr. Ryerson, M.P.P.

Mrs. Fred Macmurtrey (nee Reeve) gave her first At Home at her residence, 17 Marlborough avenue, on Monday afternoon. Mrs. Macmurtrey was a picture in her rich Nile green silk and chiffon, most becoming to her bright and clear complexion and sparkling eyes. Her sister, Mrs. J. Lewis Stork of Brampton, and the Misses Macmurtrey, cousins of her husband, were called in as assistants. The buffet was served by Webb and was loaded with every dainty, great groups of snowy chrysanthemums standing sentinel over the goodies. Roses and palms were the floral decorations.

Mr. Hugh Clark of the Kincardine Review, who has been appointed editor of the Ottawa Citizen, passed through the city on Monday, and on the evening of that day was entertained at dinner at Harry Morgan's by about a dozen of the Toronto newspaper men who admire his abilities and have confidence in his success in a large field.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large and brilliant gathering attended the reception, under the auspices of the Physical Culture department, held in the drawing-rooms of the Y. W. C. Guild, McGill street, on Wednesday afternoon. The rooms looked particularly attractive with their decorations of palms and white chrysanthemums. Mrs. John Harvie, president of the Guild, with Mrs. Elias Rogers, vice-president, received and welcomed the guests, assisted by Mrs. T. Eaton, Mrs. Robert Jaffary, Mrs. Clougher, Mrs. B. Lloyd, Mrs. Scadding, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Stanbury, Mrs. Stark, Mrs. Jardine and Mrs. Leonard representing the married ladies' class. The refreshment table, decorated with white and yellow chrysanthemums, stood in the library and was presided over by Mrs. Stark, Misses Sweetnam, Shore and Alice Johnston; while six little girls, representing the Saturday morning class, dressed in dainty white frocks, announced the visitors and assisted at the refreshment tables.

Unwise.

Robinson—I think a law should be passed to stop cigarette smoking.
Perkins—Oh, no! There is too much of it done now.

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"How do you find the stock market?"
"Simply unbearable."

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Washington Capital.
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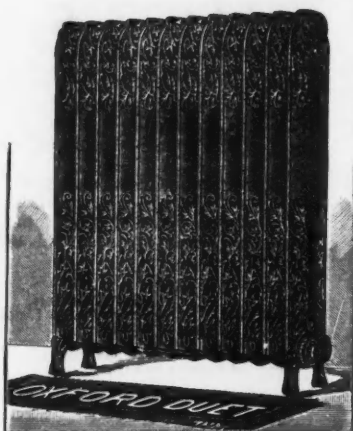
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Births.

HAGAN—Chicago, Oct. 21, Mrs. James A. Hagan—a daughter.
LEWIS—Oct. 29, Mrs. Charles Lewis—a daughter.
FREELAND—Nov. 7, Mrs. Edward B. Freeland—a son.

Marriages.

LEWIS—HALL—Nov. 2, David Owen Lewis to Caroline Martha Hall.
HAUN—ARMSTRONG—Nov. 4, Adolphus Walter Haun to Minnie O. G. Armstrong.
ROBINSON—LEATHERLAND—Nov. 3, Joseph Robinson to Annie Leatherland.
BARNHART—PATTERSON—Woodstock, Nov. 4, William J. Barnhart to Susan S. Patterson.
ROBERTS—CROOKENDEN—Nov. 10, J. L. Patterson Roberts to Alice Laura Crookenden.

Deaths.

YOUNG—Eilesmere, Nov. 3, Andrew Young, aged 73.
LISTER—Nov. 4, Honora Lister.
SCOTT—Nov. 3, Emma Louisa Scott.
ANDREWS—Nov. 3, Susan Andrews.
THOMPSON—Nov. 3, Della F. Thompson, aged 42.
GALBRAITH—Winton, Nov. 3, Hannah Galbraith

(Gowanlock), aged 22.
WILLIS—Nov. 4, Catherine Maria Willis.
HAY—Nov. 8, John Dunlop Hay, aged 42.
LEEDS—St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 7, Mrs. E. W. Leeds.
TURNER—Sarnia, Nov. 2, Sarah N. Turner.
LAWS—Nov. 1, John M. Laws, aged 73.
CREAGH—Nov. 5, Richard Cragh, aged 78.
ATKIN—Nov. 5, David Atkin, aged 37.
LESSLIE—Dundas, Nov. 8, Helen Leslie, aged 83.

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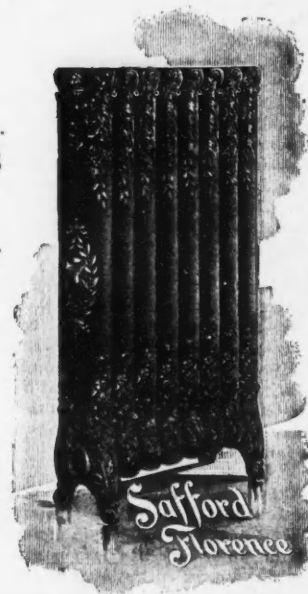
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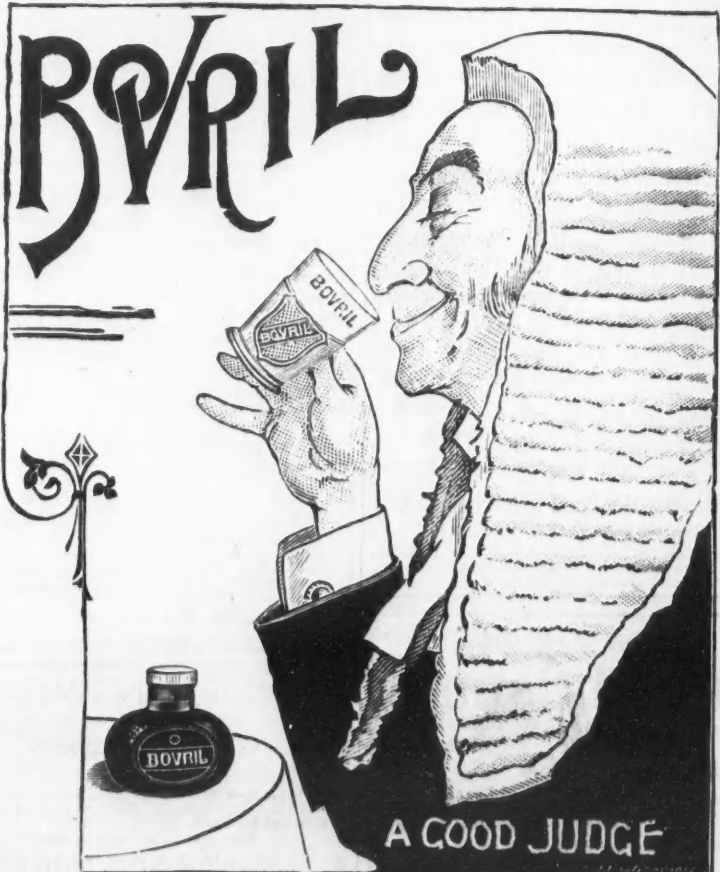
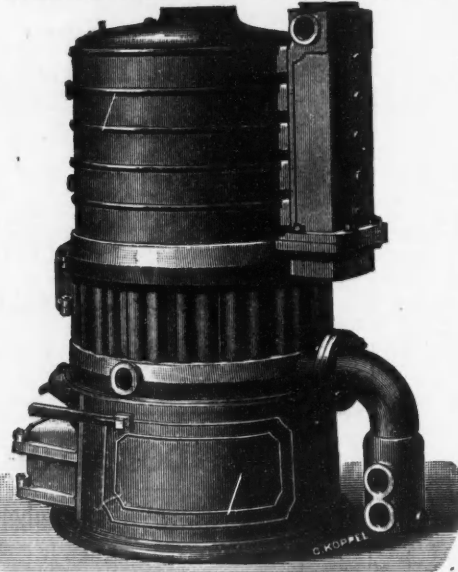
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